THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OLD AGE LIKE WINTER.

The barren wastes of frost
Have spread o'er the faded year,
While the ground, white as a ghost,
Sends through us a death-like fear.

The woods, once deck'd with green,
Are stripped of their living leaves;
And icicles, with sober mien,
Hang down from the shining eaves.

Winds in the trees keep sighing
The dirge of the dying Year;
While leaves below are lying,
But their hues are brown and sear.

The streamlets now are still,
And their courses softly go,
Like the motion of the rill,
The *fountain* of life beats slow.

As on the cold, hard breast
Of Winter's unfeeling soul,
The snows of the year find rest
On a firm and destined goal.

So the pale snows of age
Find rest on the hoary head,
Printing *his* time on the page
Of the silent slumb'ring dead.

As pines are bowed beneath
The weight of the fallen snow,
The hoary head has its wreath,
And is bowed by the long-ago.

As flowers bud, and blow
Their last fragrance on the air,
And the seeds are strewn below
On the glebe, by nature's care,

So age, of late bright youth,
To the *herald pale* must yield,
While its gems and pearls of truth
Are sown on the world's broad field.

Brunswick, Illinois. D. K.

ORIGINAL PRIZE STORY.

"LINDEN HALL."

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY M. A. EDWARDS.

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[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XI.

The next morning Mrs. Meredith came into my room. She attempted to speak to me, but she could not, and, folding me in her arms, we mingled our tears together.

"My darling Fanny!" she said, at last. "My precious child! No wonder I loved you from the first, and yet how cruelly I treated you—remorselessly sacrificing your young life to my own selfish views for Allan."

"Do not speak of that. The past is all forgiven and forgotten."

"Forgiven it may be, but I cannot forget it. How could I know that the young girl, whose love for my son I scorned, was the very person that, next to him, should have been dearest to me on earth—the one whom, in her infancy, I had destined to be his bride. I have but poorly fulfilled the trust my Fanny gave me, when she confided her only child to my care. All I can do now is to make the future retrieve the errors of the past. You will soon be my daughter, Fanny, and you must try to love me very much."

"I do love you very, very much," I cried. "You were so kind to my mother. I can never forget that. My poor mother! Tell me something about her."

"We can all do that, my dear," said Mrs. Lane, who entered at that moment. "Let me look at my new-found niece. It is strange what a difference relationship produces in feeling. I thought I loved you before, but I love you much better as Fanny Carleton than as Serena M'Cloud. It is so pleasant to us all, Fanny, to think that, when you were with us, we tried to make your home pleasant to you."

"And you certainly succeeded," said I, warmly, "No relatives could have been kinder than you were. But if we had only known then all we do now—"

"Yes, if we only had!" said Kate, dancing into the room, and whirling me around in the ecstasy of her joy. "But I don't love you one particle better as cousin Fanny than I did as Serena. I loved you just as much as ever I could before. I always had a sort of fancy that you were related to me, and that is why I took such a decided liking to you at that old poky place, Linden Hall."

"Don't abuse Linden Hall, Kate. My residence there was the means of introducing me to my relations."

"That is incontrovertible, therefore we will not dispute the point, as Miss Pinchem used gracefully to remark at the close of her long harangues."

As soon as this trio left me, I sought Miss Ogden in her own room. I found her looking very pale, but quite tranquil.

"Come here, my love," she said, looking up with a placid smile. "I have been thinking of the great goodness of God to both of us. He has indeed led us by paths we knew not. He put it in my heart to show kindness to my injured sister's child, and I am thankful to Him for it."

"You have been one among my best friends since I first knew you; and you would have done still more for me had I permitted."

"And you love me still, Fanny?"

"Better, far better than before. You know you are my Aunt Sarah now."

"That name sounds very sweetly from your lips, Fanny. I think I shall love you better than all my nieces. You are so like *him*. He died very peacefully at last, my dear."

"And I trust that he is happy now."

"As surely as the word of God is true, which says 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'"

The next day the remains of Henry Carleton were conveyed to Ravenswood for interment in the family burial ground. He rests by the side of the wronged and murdered. There, peacefully, they all sleep together awaiting the judgment.

Allan wrote to Judge Lane, telling him we were to bring with us the body of Henry Carleton. After the funeral he undertook to relate to the family all that had happened, while I took Gerald aside and told him my story.

When I finished, he said, "I knew part of this before."

"You knew it! O, Gerald, why have you never told me?"

"I did not know it until my return from my long voyage. While in Georgia, I heard some hints dropped, which led me to suspect that you were not my sister. I inquired into the matter, and found it was generally known that you were an adopted child. Our relatives, you know, were distant ones, and as we had no communication with them after we left Georgia, it may account for our ignorance on the subject."

"How noble it was in your father, Gerald, to adopt a little foundling, and treat her with such unvarying fatherly kindness."

"I used to think you were his favorite child."

"Oh, no, I think he tried not to make any distinction between us. He certainly lavished every indulgence upon both of us, but he must have loved you best. But why did you not tell me this when you came to Boston?"

"Because the knowledge could do you no good, as I was not able to tell you your real parentage. And then I could not endure the thought of losing my sister after having just found her."

His quivering lip betrayed what was passing in his mind. I twined my arms around his neck, as I used to do in my childish days, and said, "I am your sister still, my dear brother. Nothing can make us cease to love each other with the same affection as heretofore."

There was a wedding at Judge Lane's in the autumn, when I became the bride of Allan Meredith. Merry was the party assembled upon that occasion. My queenly cousin Kate was first bridesmaid, and her gaiety was always contagious. Perhaps Allan and I were the most serious persons there—serious but not sad—no! no! not sad. No reluctant vows were uttered on that day; no hesitating love was plighted. Our hearts had been given to each other years before, and we knew that we would be very happy in our united lives. But we had learned much in the experience of life, and felt deeply the solemn vows we were taking upon ourselves.

And thus ends my autobiography. Since that time my life has ceased to be entirely my own. It has become closely entwined with that of another. My Allan! my noble husband! He has more than fulfilled the promise of his youth. His earnest desire is to live that life which shall most benefit his fellow men. He is not great or distinguished in the world's opinion. He has steadily declined whatever honors his neighbors and his friends have offered him, for he thinks he best promotes the object of his life by devoting his talents and energies to the good of those around him. He is what I best like to have him. His is that title, beyond all praise—a Christian gentleman.

Linded Hall still flourishes, but Professor Bland has retired into the shades of private life, a wealthy man. The trustees of the school presented him with a handsome service of silver plate, on his withdrawal from the institution, to show their appreciation of the manner in which he had discharged his duties. Miss Pinchem retired about the same time, but I did not hear of her receiving any silver plate. She has long since been gathered to her rest.

Perhaps my readers take some interest in the fortunes of Willie Clyde. He has passed into another phase of character since he was last introduced to notice. He succeeded in marrying an heiress, but, not satisfied with her wealth, his whole mind, and soul, and body are engaged in the acquisition of a splendid fortune. He lives in Philadelphia, and as he is well acquainted with all my relatives there, I see him frequently. He is a very portly gentleman, smokes a quantity of cigars, and tells long prosy stories. He talks principally of stocks, loans, profitable investments, &c. He is a man of a good deal of importance. His name heads all the contributions to charitable institutions, but he turns a deaf ear to the cries of the suffering poor. He acknowledges no superiors except those who are more wealthy than himself. To these he is servile. To those poorer than himself, supercilious. He adds thousands to thousands; builds palace after palace; lives in luxury and splendor; courted by many, loved by none. He knows not at what moment the mine may explode beneath his very feet, and shatter his houses, and swallow his gold, and leave him a ruined man; ruined, because he has nothing else on which to rely. He has built all his hopes on the gold which perisheth.

Dr. Radnor has given up the practice of medicine. He spends most of his time with us. He is as amusing as ever, and it is his delight to gather the children about him of an evening, and relate to them his wonderful adventures while in the navy. They grow more marvelous every year.

Gerald is very happy with his Kate. He rose rapidly in his profession, but, much to my regret, left it to enter political life. However, he is quite a distinguished public man now, and I am very proud of my brother. He would never drop the endearing name of sister, and I am glad that his brotherly affection still clings around me. His beautiful wife is much courted and admired in society. Time has softened, not destroyed the vivacity of Kate's disposition. She is more dignified and matronly, but her friends still recognize in her the same arch, bewitching Kate as of old. I used to have great fears for her when I saw what an idol she was becoming in society; she is so frank and impulsive. But the intense love she feels for her husband envelopes her as a shield, and I have no fears for her now. They live near us—Gerald and Kate—that is when they are at home, which is usually but a small portion of the year.

My other brother, generous, noble Edgar Dudley, is our pastor. How happy we all felt when he accepted the charge, and brought with him his bride—charming Madge Greyson. But I must tell in Madge's own words how she came to be the wife of Edgar. She wrote to me frequently after my marriage, but never once made the slightest allusion to Edgar, although I knew that her father had purchased a country seat at Sydney, and that Madge spent her summers there. Edgar wrote to me but seldom, and his letters were, I thought, rather sad and desponding. At last the mystery was solved by the following communication from Madge:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Now more dear to me than ever, for you have given me a husband. Do not be too much astonished at this announcement, for I consider it all owing to you that Edgar has *at last* asked me to be his wife. I am almost wild with joy at the thought. Is it not strange that I, Madge Greyson, 'the horror of Linden Hall,' Miss Pinchem's 'utter aversion,' Professor Bland's 'most incorrigible pupil,' the 'worst girl in the world,' should be the chosen bride of Edgar Dudley? But, stop! here comes the question I have so often asked myself, am I worthy to be his bride? Can I ever make him happy? Ought such an one as I to share the holy and earnest life of Edgar Dudley? I know I am greatly changed, but can I ever be worthy of *him*? These are fears that I sometimes mention to him, but his only answer is—well, never mind what. I never was thoroughly happy in all my life before, and now everything is *couleur de rose*. I believe I sing every moment except when Edgar is here, and that is not seldom. But how I am running on, without writing the confession I intended to make when I commenced this letter.

"Well, then, to begin far back, at the time when I first knew Edgar. You will remember how wildly and passionately I loved him then; but probably you do not know that I have never ceased to love him. This love, although I have studiously concealed it, and endeavored to subdue it, has been my safeguard in many an hour of temptation. I suspected from the first that Edgar loved you, but saw that you were unconscious of it. You remember the contemptible arts I used to draw him away from you. I can never think of that time without shame and horror. Strange that Edgar does not despise me. The next summer, when I returned, my suspicions were confirmed, and I then took the resolution to banish all love for Edgar from my heart. But this was no easy matter, and when years passed on, and I found that you did not reciprocate his affection, hope dawned in my heart.

"I do not know at what time Edgar first began to love me, but I think it was before he went to Europe. Since his return we have been much together, and I was not slow to discover the feelings I had awakened. But he was timid in his affections. He *would* not see that I loved him, although I sometimes wondered that he could doubt it. I was surrounded by a host of admirers, attracted, as I well knew, mostly by my wealth; and I have so often spoken of these with the utmost scorn in Edgar's presence, that he may have thought I would have accused him of mercenary motives had he declared his passion. At all events time passed away, and he did not tell me in words he loved me, although his actions showed it; and, after a time, he began to withdraw from my society, and when he met me it was usually with a sad smile and but few words.

"It was while things were in this condition that, one day, I strolled out to Black Rock. This is a favorite resort of mine, for I love to sit upon the mossy bank by the side of the spring, and think of you and all you have done for me. As I sat there thinking of the past, a gentle voice bade me good morning, and Edgar quietly seated himself by my side, and spoke of you. He had just received a letter from you, in which you spoke of Black Rock, and this was what led him to visit it that morning when he found me. On this occasion, as usual, you were my good genius. Our conversation gradually turned upon past events, and I myself spoke of my first visit to Sydney, and of the effect it had upon my after life in introducing me more intimately to your acquaintance, and, through you, to Miss Lovell. Edgar listened, deeply interested; and when I concluded spoke frankly of the great change observable in my character, and of the interest he had always taken in me. He dated this interest from the first summer of our acquaintance, when you had related to him a little incident that occurred at Linden Hall—my presenting you with a white rose the first day you saw me, when you felt so desolate and lonely—perhaps you will recollect the circumstance.

"'Yes,' I said, in answer to this recital, 'I remember that incident perfectly well. The white rose is my favorite flower, and I never give it except to those I love.' How much I wished he would continue the conversation until he made the avowal which I knew was even then throbbing at his heart; but he did not make it, and soon changed the subject.

"The next day he called to see me, for the first time in many weeks. We went into the conservatory to look at the flowers. While there, a thought suddenly struck me, and, without waiting a moment, fearing my courage would fail if I hesitated, I plucked a white rose and presented it to Edgar, saying: 'This is the last one on the bush, Mr. Dudley. I am glad you came to-day, that I may have the pleasure of giving it to you.'

"He looked up in surprise. His lip trembled with emotion. Suddenly a beautiful light broke over his face as he said, eagerly: 'Miss Greyson—Madge—do you remember what you said yesterday about the white rose?'

"I do not know what answer I made. I believe I said nothing; but the next moment I lay upon Edgar's breast, happy, oh! so happy! while he told me how he had loved me for a very long time, but never dared to hope that I would accept a poor country pastor, after refusing so many brilliant offers. As if I had not refused them all for that very reason!

"If the world knew what I had done, it would censure me; but you know I care very little how much the world may sneer provided I act according to my own convictions of right, and Edgar does not think my conduct unmaidenly. He thanks me every day for the white rose."

The parsonage is very near Ravenswood, and scarcely a day passes that I do not see both Edgar and Madge. He has verified his own theory of love. His first love was perhaps the most fervent; his second is more deep and abiding. Madge Wildfire is no more. I believe she died in the hour that Gertrude Cameron's pure spirit left the earth. Madge Greyson I had learned to love as a noble, affectionate girl, but for Madge Dudley I can scarcely find words to express my admiration. She is not only the good genius of Edgar's parish, but the intellectual companion of his thoughtful hours; the sharer of his joys; the soother of his sorrows; the sunshine of his home. Their wealth they regard as only loaned to them for a season, to be employed in the service of Him whom they both worship, and freely is it dispensed to the needy and suffering. Edgar is perfectly restored to health, and is the same persevering, energetic pastor as of old; showing forth in doctrine and practice, "peace on earth, good will to men."

Mrs. Meredith lives with us at Ravenswood. She has never forgotten her promise, and is a kind and tender mother to the child of Fanny Carleton.

Miss Ogden still lives. She is waiting yet—not for the lover of her youth to come to her, but she expects to go to him. I find it difficult to recall the stern, cold, unbending Miss Ogden of former days. Now she is gentle and indulgent, especially to children, with whom she is a great favorite. The crust fell from her heart in that hour when she discovered that Henry Carleton loved her, and was penitent, and that her sister had never been false to her or to *him*. Since then all the ice of her nature has melted in the warmth of human sympathy and love.

And thus I am very happy, happier than usually falls to the lot of mortals, with so many loved friends around me. But they are not all here. We are mirthful and joyous, but the dead are not forgotten. Memory daily twines garlands of flowers, and strews them over a tomb far away under the soft, Italian sky—bright, fragrant flowers for her who is happy in the love of Heaven. And daily does memory make a pilgrimage to the cold shores of New England, and bow reverently over the graves where rest saintly Mrs. Wilson and sweet Gertrude Cameron.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

UNTO THE DAWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

"A breath of submission we breathe not,
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not!"
CAMPBELL.

One night towards the close of July, the inhabitants of Cliff Rock were awakened from their first slumbers by a loud rapping at the door of the cottage.

William admitted the visiters, who proved to be three persons, belated and bewildered on the mountains, and prevented by the mists and mirage from returning seasonably to their quarters at the Crawford House.

Very imprudently, they had ventured out without a guide, and losing the way, had nearly perished from the effects of the cold fog.

There were two gentlemen, one gray-haired, and in bad health; the other young and vigorous; and a fair girl of eighteen or twenty, the daughter of the elder stranger.

They introduced themselves as St. James Effingham, Adelaide Effingham, and Capt. Percy Wheaton, all of Portsmouth.

Mr. Effingham's health had failed him some time before, and his physicians had prescribed the air of the mountains; Adelaide had long wished to behold Mount Washington; and Captain Wheaton, a friend of the family, had, notwithstanding the troublous times, obtained leave of absence from his ship for a few days, to attend them.

Mr. Effingham was completely exhausted, and had to be put immediately to bed; but Adelaide and Captain Wheaton refused to rest, and sat out the night by the fire in the great fireplace in the kitchen.

Adelaide Effingham was a perfectly beautiful woman, Margaret thought, as she sat in the shadow of the chimney, and watched the red firelight play over the sweet face of the visiter. Miss Effingham's hair was of a golden hue, and fell in glossy curls down her pearl-white shoulders, while her eyes were blue and mild as the summer heavens at noonday. Her features were faultless; her complexion fair as the petals of the rose and lily laid together. She was rather tall, but the perfect symmetry of her form made her height unobservable.

She was gentle and kind in her manners, inheriting little of her father's haughty condescension, and Margaret felt herself irresistibly drawn towards her.

Mr. Effingham was a man who prided himself much on the good old English blood of his lordly ancestors; and his continual remembrance of his noble extraction gave to his bearing a touch of arrogance exceedingly unpleasant to those with whom he came in contact. Otherwise, he was a generous, benevolent gentleman, polite and courteous to a fault, and placing more value upon an unsullied name than upon mines of yellow gold.

Captain Wheaton's fine soldierly person could not fail to win admiration. His face was handsome; his figure erect and powerful; he was enthusiastic in his profession, and a night's exposure on the damp mountains had failed to check the buoyant flow of his spirits.

By the time the sun had dissipated the night mists, Mr. Effingham declared himself able to ride down to the Crawford House; and William, mounting Flyette, went down to procure horses for the party.

They took leave of their entertainers with many professions of gratitude; Adelaide kissed Margaret with the tenderness of a sister, and gained her promise to come to their hotel for a day during their sojourn, which was to extend a week longer.

Scarcely had the strangers departed, when a horseman, in uniform, rode up to the door of the cottage, and rapped heavily with his riding-whip.

Margaret's heart grew cold, for she felt that the dreaded summons had come. Perhaps William divined something of the nature of his visiter's errand, for he went out, instead of inviting him to enter, closing the door behind him.

Their conference was long, but bye and bye the horseman rode away, and William came slowly into the house. Margaret had but to look in his face to read the confirmation of her fears.

"They have drafted you?"

"They have."

There was a silence, during which Margaret prayed for strength to bear her through this fresh trial. Every vestige of color had fled from her face, but her voice was clear and strong when again she spoke.

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning. Oh, Margaret! What can I do? What shall I do?"

"Your duty, William, which belongs first to your God and then to your country."

"But my love is with you, and my going is to leave you desolate, exposed to a thousand ills! Surely my country is unjust, to take away *all* in her defence!"

"Hush! such a thought is treason! A brother of mine shall not indulge it! Is it not a noble thing to yield up strength, labor—aye, even life, to preserve the liberties and rights of your native land inviolate? The truest hearts that ever throbbed have given up their blood upon the altar of their country's defence; will you fall weakly back and murmur because a nation deems you worthy of preserving it from harm?"

The young man's eye kindled, and his cheek glowed.

"My sister knows me better!" he returned proudly, "Were my father alive, or Ralph at home, I would accept the summons gladly. I should glory in the life of a soldier devoted to a noble cause! But how can I feel the martial spirit burn within me, when my sister is to be left alone, and without a protector?"

"God will raise me up friends, Willie. I have already thought of one to whom I may apply with some prospect of success. Fearnaught Joe."

"True. Joe is honest and generous, and not a tie, save friendship, connects him with the world. I will away to his hut over the mountains, and beg of him to come here and protect you when I am gone."

"Stay, William; tell him all the circumstances; keep nothing back; and then if he will leave his home to take care of a friendless, desolate girl, it is well. If not, God helping her, she will take care of herself!"

She kissed him tearfully, and let him go. During his absence, she employed herself in arranging such things as he would need while away; and in nursing her little stock of fortitude against the parting on the morrow. The parting! Ah, who could tell but it might be a final one.

A half hour before sunset, Will came back, and with him Fearnaught Joe. The generous heart of the old hunter could not withstand the idea of Margaret's living alone in that wild, and he had shut up his hut, taken his dogs and gun, and, to use his own expresssion, "decamped."

"He had thought of 'listing,'" he said, "but he didn't see how a man could better serve his country than by taking keer of her women folks; and for his part, he was bound to do that, whether the wind blowed high or low!"

Early in the morning, William Rossmont set out to join the recruiting company at Albany. With a heavy heart, his tears moistening her cheek, he bade Margaret adieu—committed her again, and again, to the care of Fearnaught Joe, and turned his back upon home.

Margaret's eyes were dry, she could not have shed a single tear if life had depended upon it. There are moments of exquisite agony when the luxury of tears is denied us, and the hot tide surges back upon the heart, and scorches the life-blood flowing there.

Listless and oppressed, with a vague sense of evil, Margaret wandered about the house—now vainly trying to employ herself with her needle—now seeking to lose memory in some fascinating book. But all efforts at forgetting were fruitless, and she went out to pray by her parents' graves. She felt her lot indeed a desolate one. Fatherless and motherless, one brother gone to the gory battlefield, the other wandering—God knew where—condemned to walk apart from home and its joys—his soul stained with a crime which no repentence could wash away. Disregarding all Joe's rude, but kind attempts at consolation, she sat by the open window watching the coal-black clouds drifting over the angry sky. A wild tempest raged—the wind howled like a legion of infuriated demons—the livid lightning poured its ghastly light on the grim mountain crags, and the deep-voiced thunder seemed to shake the solid arch upon which the cottage stood. At last, its fury spent, the storm marched on, and Margaret shut up the windows, and retiring to her chamber, threw herself, without undressing, on the bed. In spite of her distressed state of mind, she fell into an uneasy slumber, from which she was, ere long, awakened by the howling of Tiger, one of Joe's dogs. Hastily rousing herself, her eyes were blinded by an intense glare which filled the room. She thought, at first, that a second tempest had arisen, and that incessant flashes of lightning were the cause of the vivid light; but, no, it grew redder and brighter every second, and the reality of truth burst upon her.

The house was on fire!

She rushed to the door—it was opened from the other side, and Joe caught her in his arms, and hurriedly bore her down the ladder, and into the open air. Once more without that suffocating heat and smoke, Margaret found voice.

"My home must go—but I must save the contents of the private drawer in my father's desk! Quick, quick Joe, let me come!"

"Back, girl, for your life! I will save the valuables for you. Give me the key—no matter, I can break it open!"

He seized an axe, and disappeared in the smoke. Margaret watched for his return with breathless anxiety; she could give up home and its many cherished ornaments, but the manuscript of her father's history, and her mother's journal, she could not easily renounce. Joe was so long gone, that her heart grew sick, and, pale and trembling, she leaned for support against the trunk of a tree which last night's tempest had overthrown. At last—oh, joy! the messenger appeared, bearing the package, well wrapped up from the flames, in a woollen blanket. Margaret seized the treasure with a glad cry, and hid it in her apron.

With incredible rapidity, the fiery billows surged over the dry timbers of the loghouse, and in a very short space of time the whole fabric fell in with a deafening crash. A shower of sparks crimsoned the sky, and then sank back, black and hueless upon the heap of coals beneath.

Flyette, Margaret's pony, was grazing on the opposite eminence, and Joe soon brought him up to where the girl stood gazing with saddened face upon the smouldering ruins of her home. It was with some difficulty that the old hunter could persuade her to mount—but at last she yielded to his entreaties, and preceded by Joe and his two dogs, she was borne down towards the Crawford House.

Beyond a doubt, the dwelling at Cliff Rock had been fired by an incendiary, and Joe's suspicions fell, for many reasons, on Wandering Bess. But he said nothing of this to Margaret. "It could do her no good," he argued, "to think that her home had been purposely destroyed—she'd feel better not to learn anything about it."

Margaret and her companion met with a cordial welcome from the inmates of the old tavern, for people in these days had warm hearts and an abundance of Christian charity, if they did dwell in log-houses.

Miss Effingham left her bed to attend to the comfort of the unfortunate girl, and when she had taken some refreshment and changed her damp clothes for others warm and dry, belonging to Miss Effingham, the latter carried her off to her own room for the remainder of the night.

Old Joe shook his head sorrowingly over his mug of beer, in the bar-room, and reckoned it wouldn't be long that his protection would be needed by Margaret.

The issue proved that Joe was not mistaken. Miss Effingham had taken a strong liking for the mountain girl, and for full two hours she was closeted with her father, the next morning, before Margaret had awakened from the deep sleep of exhaustion into which she had fallen.

Mr. Effingham, always ready to consult the happiness of his daughter, when he could do so without a sacrifice of pride, consented to her wishes in this instance, and promised to join his entreaties with hers, to induce Margaret to accompany them to Portsmouth, and remain at their house until her brother should be in a situation to provide for her, or she should choose another home.

Adelaide was not long in imparting her cherished project to Margaret, and so zealously and skilfully did she plead her cause, that the orphan was fain to consent; but only on the condition that she should do her patron's plain sewing, and assist her in other duties pertaining to her situation as mistress of a family. Margaret's was a proud spirit, and she could not endure being dependent upon strangers for bread.

The little property which Mr. Rossmont had left was invested in an Eastern bank, and its income would have yielded Margaret a comfortable maintenance, but the girl's heart yearned for home ties and affections, and she could not bear the idea of dragging out her days away from the sympathy of her kind.

Adelaide was delighted at the success of her plan. She kissed Margaret a score of times—called her father the dearest old prince in the world, and squeezed Fearnaught Joe's hard hand until the old hunter cried out "enough;" he was in fear she'd break every bone in his body, if she held on.

"Now," said Joe, complacently, "there is nothing to hinder me from 'listing, that I know of. Who can tell but I may be a gin'ral yet? Valor sometimes gets rewarded, even in this world, and especially in the case of a pension. Darned if I hadn't about as leave have a pension, as be a gin'ral."

His auditors could not help applauding Joe's good sense in this respect, and after some agitating of the subject, and discoursing upon it, pro and con., Joe decided to set out the next day to join the American forces, then concentrating at Fort Erie, extending its fortifications, and preparing it against an attack from the British, under Gen. Drummond, which was daily expected.

"My dog, Lion," said Joe, with the air of one dictating his last will and testament, "I give and bequeath to my friend, old Crawford—Tiger I shall leave with Miss Margaret. Take good keer on him, gal; he's been a faithful brute, and jest as like as not the time 'll come when he'll be of some benefit to you. Tige! go to your mistress!"

The great animal arose, and going over to Margaret's side, put his broad, intelligent-looking face in her lap. She patted his head; and Miss Effingham tied her waist-ribbon around his shaggy neck, much to the delight of Fearnaught Joe.

At sunrise, the ensuing day, Joe shouldered his rifle, bade all his friends a cheerful adieu, and turned his face toward the distant scenes of war.

And Capt. Wheaton, eager to join his ship once more, induced Mr. Effingham to cut his visit short; and two days after Joe's departure, the whole party, including Tiger and Margaret's pony, set out for Portsmouth.

They travelled in a private carriage, for this was before the days of railways and steamboats; and much of the journey was exceedingly dreary and fatiguing. The way lay, for miles, through dense forests, or over swampy plains, and the houses of entertainment along the route were none of the best.

But the two girls put up with all discomforts bravely; Margaret was used to them, and Adelaide was so much enamoured of her new friend that she thought nothing of trivial ills. The acquaintance between these two, so fortunately thrown together, was fast progressing into devoted friendship, and by the time they had reached Portsmouth, it seemed as if they had known each other all their lives.

Mr. Effingham's house was a fine old mansion, of its time; situated on a little eminence, and commanding a splendid view of the harbor and Fort Constitution, which was now swarming with soldiers, placed there for defence.

The grounds about the house were extensive, and beautifully laid out; grand old trees made a soft twilight in the cool piazzas; and the beating of the surf on the beach, beyond the town, came floating on the air, mellowed and made musical by the distance.

Everything was new and delightful to Margaret, and but for the uncertainty of her brothers' fate, and the deep grief which she still felt for the loss of her father, she would have been happy. In Adelaide she found nothing more to ask for; no effort to promote the enjoyment of her charge was left untried by the generous girl; she lavished upon her the tenderest affection and the most untiring attention. She insisted that her masters in French and music should be Margaret's also; and Mr. Effingham added his injunction to this effect. So, of course, there was no refusing this obligation; and indeed, Margaret hardly wished to. She loved music, and it was a source of glorious emotion to her to be allowed to partake of its sweets at will. She had an exquisite ear and a fine voice, and being eager to learn, she naturally succeeded.

Margaret had not been a week at Effingham Hall, before she saw that a mutual attachment existed between Percy Wheaton and Adelaide. The flushing of her friend's face, when his footstep sounded on the walk; her evident embarrassment at mention of his name; the care with which she treasured up a sprig of myrtle which he had dropped, all went to convince Margaret that Adelaide was in love.

But there seemed to be a barrier of some kind between that love and its object, though of what nature an observer would have found it difficult to conjecture.

Toward the last of September, Captain Wheaton's ship was ordered to join a squadron bound for the Chesapeake, to defend, or render assistance to the beleaguered troops quartered in the vicinity.

Adelaide's distress, when the tidings were communicated to her, was overwhelming. She wept herself sick, and when the hour of parting came, she sank unconscious into the arms of her lover. His face wore an expression of troubled apprehension and intense pain; he looked from Adelaide to Margaret, and back again, as if in doubt. He pressed kiss after kiss on the cold lips of the swooning girl, and then, with a heavy sigh, he laid her on a sofa, and advanced to Margaret.

"Promise me one thing," he said earnestly, "one thing before I go! Whatever happens to *her*, do not doubt her! Believe that she is pure as the angels in Heaven, for it is the truth! Be her friend always, and if affliction and trial come to her, promise me that you will not forsake her!"

"You speak in riddles, Captain Wheaton," returned Margaret, "I do not comprehend you! but if ever Adelaide Effingham needs a friend, I will prove my faithfulness! Had I a sister, I would not cherish her more tenderly!"

"It is enough. I trust you. The time will come, perhaps, when your truth will be tried. And now, adieu. Adieu, Adelaide—my—"

He would have said more, but his voice grew thick and husky; he snatched the inanimate form in his arms, left a frantic kiss on the white cheek, and tore himself away.

It was some time before Adelaide awoke from the deadly swoon into which she had fallen; and when at last her eyes unclosed, she searched the room eagerly and anxiously, but seeing only Margaret, an expression of intense satisfaction crossed her face.

"Has any person been here since *he* went?" she asked.

"No one but myself; I thought it best not to alarm your father, unless obliged to do so."

"God bless you for it, Margaret! you did well! Some day you will know all, and then you will not wonder at my strange moods of late. Leave me now, dear friend; I would be alone—not even your kind eyes to look upon and pity me. Go; if ever I need support and sympathy, I will take it only from you!"

Adelaide kissed the hand which Margaret had laid upon her shoulder, and with a movement of her head again indicated the door. Unquestioning, but fearing vaguely for her friend, Margaret passed out, and Miss Effingham was alone.

For days after the departure of Captain Wheaton, Adelaide was depressed and gloomy. She avoided her father's presence as much as possible, and saw no company whatever. But after a month had passed, she seemed to gather her energies, and, although in no wise like the happy girl of old, she was cheerful, and an indifferent observer might have said, content.

In the meantime, Margaret constantly watched for tidings of her brother, William. Fearnaught Joe had promised that immediately on his arrival at the seat of war, he would seek out young Rossmont, and by some means contrive to send intelligence of him to his anxious sister at Portsmouth.

But as weeks slid into months, and no word from the absent one reached her, Margaret's hopes grew dim, and her heart felt heavy as lead in her bosom. She feared more than she hoped.

The British forces had continued active; frequent skirmishes had taken place; and preparatory to an attack on New York—the great key of the North—the foe attempted to obtain possession of Lake Champlain. Their ships covered its waters, and ere long an attack of Plattsburg was commenced.

The American fleet came bravely to the rescue, and the pen of history has recorded well the gallant duty of the Americans on that bloody day.

Foremost on board the "Saratoga," ever in the thickest of the fight, brandishing aloft his reeking sword, fought a tall, dark man, wearing the uniform of a lieutenant. His face was concealed beneath a heavy growth of black beard, but his deep, restless eyes spoke fiercely of the untamable spirit within. This man was everywhere where the cannon-fire blazed hottest. The foe fell before him like wheat before the reaper's sickle; he seemed resolved on death or victory.

Close by his side, it was noticed, throughout all, pressed a tall, pale youth, who seemed to drink in strength from his dark-browed comrade; for he, too, fought as only a brave heart could. And the lieutenant evidently took a strange interest in the pale lad, for his hand turned away many a sabre-thrust from the boyish breast; and his good sword laid low a British ensign, whose pistol, ready cocked in his hand, would have sent death to the bosom of the youthful patriot.

And when at last the flag-ship "Confiance" struck before the triumphant Saratoga, the dark lieutenant's was the first foot on her deck, and his arm the one which held aioft the American colors, while his stentorian voice led in the cries of "America and Liberty!"

That night, when the smoke of battle had vanished from the green shores of Champlain, and the round moon rode high in her pure beauty, they placed on the shoulders of the dark-browed man the epaulettes of a captain—a fit tribute for that day's gallant exploits.

And Margaret Rossmont, waiting for tidings of her soldier brother, heard dim and vague reports of the valor of her countrymen; and troubled as she was for her kindred, her heart thrilled within her at the recital of the brave deeds, and venturous risks done and incurred by the defenders of her country.

A fortnight after the battle of Plattsburg, a wounded soldier returning to his home in Exeter, met Margaret as she walked on the sea-sands at sunset; and after a prolonged scrutiny of her features, he asked her name. She told him; and instantly a gleam of intelligence lit up the veteran's face. He drew from an inner pocket a soiled scrap of paper, which he placed in the girl's hand, and without waiting to be questioned, he touched his cap, and hurried away.

Eagerly Margaret examined the missive; it contained these words—

"Do not trouble your heart for Ralph; he is well and prospering. When next you hear his name spoken by men, it shall cause you neither shame nor mortification. William is safe with the American army, and ere many days we shall both go to join the United States forces at the South.

"Be brave and hopeful, my Margaret; all will yet be well."

The communication was without signature but the bold, handsome chirography was traced by no hand but Ralph Rossmont's. And knowing this, Margaret carried a happy heart to her couch that night.

CHAPTER VII.

THE OUTCAST.

"Stand ye no more with look and soul dejected.
To woo and win despair;
The joys ye mourn the future hath collected,
Your hopes are gathered there."
LONGFELLOW.

Autumn gave place to winter, and the cold winds whirled blinding drifts of pure white snow around the stately pillars of Effingham Hall.

Adelaide seemed to have caught the pallor of the season, for every day she grew paler and sadder, until she resembled nothing but a snow statue bathed in December moonlight. Mr. Effingham noticed the change, but seeing the evident trouble it gave his daughter to be questioned, he forebore from commenting on her altered looks, although he felt deep anxiety concerning her.

Margaret waited patiently until her confidence should be sought; she knew that sympathy is oftentimes more irksome to the sufferer than absolute apathy.

Late in December—about the Christmas holidays—a letter from the South arrived for Miss Effingham. Margaret took it up to her immediately, hoping it might contain comfort, if not happiness, for her melancholy friend.

The girl took the note with joyful animation and broke the seal hurriedly, with the air of one who hopes for good tidings; but as she read, her face grew gray and ashen, her lips lost their freshness, and her eyes sternly and immovably regarded the letter in her lap. The sudden change alarmed Margaret—she could hold her peace no longer.

"For heaven's sake, Adelaide, what is all this mystery? Tell me! it is killing you to bear it alone!"

Adelaide gave no heed to her companion; she seemed communing with herself, regardless of the presence of another.

"Yes; I expected it, but I *hoped* for something better. Percy is right. I will tell my father all. He can but curse me, and it would be impossible for one heart to break twice!"

And like a restless phantom, she glided from the room, along the corridor, down the stairs and into the library at their foot. Margaret leaned against the banisters, feeling, she could not explain wherefore, a strange desire to be near Adelaide.

The library witnessed a stormy scene. The fierce, high tones of Mr. Effingham, and the wild sobs of Adelaide, broke on the ear of the listener; and then a cold, stormy silence fell between the inmates of the library.

At last, there was one more frantic appeal—answered only by a single word spoken in a voice of muffled thunder—then, the door unclosed, and Adelaide stepped across the threshold. Her face was white, but very calm; her eyes gazed intently before her, but seeing nothing; and her lips were set firmly together like lips carved out of stone.

Margaret flew to her side, and supported the drooping head on her breast. Adelaide leaned wearily against her friend—not weeping, nor sobbing; her eyes were dry, her breath came even and regular.

"All is over, my faithful Margaret! Suspanse is ended; certainty is come! Despised, condemned, and disgraced, my father's roof no longer deigns to shelter me!"

Margaret's eyes questioned her, but her lips said nothing. Adelaide went on—

"You wonder at my strange words, Margaret; you think them like those of one deprived of reason. I am sane; look at me. My heart beats firmly and steadily, though it is broken. My pulse is full—not an organ but fulfils its accustomed function. Once I told you that if ever I needed sympathy, I would take it only from you; I need it now! Give it to me!"

She reached out her arms and gathered Margaret hungrily to her bosom.

One moment she held her thus, then released her, and walked to the other side of the room. Margaret would have approached her, but she waved her back.

"No; do not come to me. You do not know my shame—my utter degradation! An outcast; a wandarer henceforth from

weary ship was wrestling with the maddened elements.

She thought of the anxious souls upon that wave-washed deck; of the hearts in cottage homes praying for that ship; of the joy her safe arrival in port would bring to many an humble hearth.

And while she gazed, a squall came down, livid and sullen, between her and the sail; the white-winged bird was engulfed and hidden; Margaret shivered with a dull sense of evil, and descended the rock.

The poor kitchen of the cottage, with its bright driftwood fire, presented a pleasing contrast to the strife without.

Clyde Effingham still encircled his sister with his arm; little Percy lay in his crib before them, a smile of infant innocence and content on his rosy lips.

Adelaide's face glowed with something of its former beauty; she arose when Margaret entered, and taking her hand, led the blushing girl up to her brother.

"Here she is, Clyde; the only one of all my precious friends who proved true in the hour of trial. Margaret Rossmont!"

The stately form bent low over the slight girl—the dark eyes of Clyde Effingham swept her face—his hand covered hers. He only said—

"Miss Rossmont has my gratitude."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, April 3, 1861.

HISTORY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

A notion has arisen recently, that history and social science are the same. It is virtually the theory of Macaulay, though practically few men have ever attempted to unite the annals of the past, who have ever been governed less by reliable statistics, without which there can be no social science. The idea, however, that the investigation of the laws of social change is history, is altogether a mistake. For history, in its true sense, has to do with the actions of particular individuals, and with the effect of those actions on nations and communities; while social science, on the contrary, has to do with the progress of peoples, and with the results worked out by one people on another. We can have history of Napoleon, a history of one generation, a history of France, or a history of Europe; but there can be no such thing as social science, properly speaking, unless it involves all nations now extant, and traces the influence on them of all nations that have ever lived.

History and social science, therefore, are not only not the same, but it is impossible that they can be. The one is, as yet, in its infancy; for the other we have ample materials. The one will probably never be brought to perfection; for the other this was effected as early as Thucydides. The history of the Peloponesian war will never be written better than it was two thousand five hundred years ago; but the social science, if we may so phrase it, of the Greeks, will never be known, because no sufficient statistics for it are extant. The history of these United States is being written by Bancroft, and is a succession of vivid pictures of men and of events; but social science, so far at least as it relates to this republic, is yet in comparative chaos, the materials for it existing only in the census tables and in a few other receptacles of dry statistics. What a brilliant panorama is to an arithmetical table, that history is to social science.

Macaulay, in his attempt to develope the science of English society, has given us a strange jumble of history and romance. His celebrated chapters on the condition of England at the time of the Restoration are made up partly from unreliable generalizations, partly from the exaggerations of playwrights and pampleteers. He has done for the people of Great Britain who lived two centuries ago, what a historian of the year two thousand and forty-seven would do for the America of to-day, if he should describe our women from the satirical poem of "Nothing to Wear," or our Presidents from the columns of opposition journals. It is, in fact, impossible to construct a social science of the past, from the few accurate data which are in our possession. The wisest man now living cannot even tell the population of England two hundred years ago; much less that of Europe; much less that of the world at large; and if this one of the very first things to be determined in developing a science of society cannot be ascertained, how can we hope to achieve anything further? All attempts at uniting the social history of former ages must be, in the nature of the case, delusions.

Nor is this all. If there is one error more dangerous than another, in the pursuit of knowledge, it is to fancy we have arrived at the whole truth, when we are acquainted with only a part. All the religious persecutions in history, most of the oppressive wars, and even many of the personal crimes, have had their origin in this sort of incomplete knowledge and in the supposition that it was perfect. Even in this enlightened age, the bulk of the British people can see nothing in a Brahmin Sepoy but an ignorant, bigoted and brutal assassin. If one of the most intelligent communities on the globe thus errs in regard to a cotemporary question, how can we expect to find impartial and comprehensive judgments on times long past, the complete facts concerning which it is now impossible to acquire? To attempt to write the social annals of former generations is for the "blind to lead the blind." It may make bigots in history, it can never advance truth.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The Southern Confederacy is, at present, an organized Government, and its independence, as far as the action of the seven States is concerned, is a fixed fact. Whether that independence will be recognized by other Governments, our own included, time will determine, but the revolution has progressed so rapidly and unobstructedly towards completion, that we may now regard the recognition of its independence as one of the future political probabilities. Whether the framers of the Constitution for the new Confederacy were wise or not, in not submitting that instrument to adoption by popular vote, is one thing is certain—they have framed a Constitution which is admirably adapted to the temper and wishes of the people and to a purer administration of political government. We do not mean, in saying this, that legislation can establish honesty or purity, where the social and political education of the people do not inculcate those virtues. But, in the experience of Governments of long standing, abuses will arise under the best regulated polity, and gradually grow up into established practices, which all the efforts of the people, short of absolute revolution, cannot remove. It is so under our Government, and it was wise in a new Convention, when providing a new organic law for a people, to avoid those errors by putting into their Constitution such guards and checks as will make these practices almost impossible. One of the grossest abuses now, which is impairing our respect for legislation, is the facility with which the public treasury may be reached in promotion of schemes of personal profit. Where this facility exists, abuses will always be found sufficient to induce individuals to take advantage of it. With strong personal reasons, therefore, working outside upon the Legislature, it is not long before weakness on the inside co-operates with the effort. Legislators are subjected to temptations which are irresistible in their influence, and legislation becomes a game of fraud and peculation. So soon as this impression becomes fixed in the people's minds, all public respect for legislation ceases, and the people are more than half prepared to destroy that which has proved not worthy of their confidence and support. This is the great danger which besets our Government, National and State.

Taking advantage of experience in the operation of our Government under the old Constitution, the Confederate Constitution has put such checks and guards to legislation as will materially arrest this tendency, which affords assurance that legislation will be purer, from the absence of temptation and opportunity, and therefore the Government will have a better basis of durability. We pointed out, last week, some of the provisions of this new Constitution, which we deemed an improvement upon the Constitution of the United States. The chief points of superiority, we think, are in the following provisions:—That Congress shall not appropriate money except by a two-thirds vote, unless it is asked for by some responsible head of department and is estimated for; that no claims can be voted for, unless a judicial decision is first had to establish their justice; that no extra compensation shall be allowed for service rendered; that the President is given the power to veto any single item in an appropriation bill; that each law, or resolution having the effect of law, shall be expressed in the title. All of these provisions are fatal to log-rolling and omnibus legislation, two engines specially devised to assist corrupt legislation. All bounties to sustain particular branches of business are prohibited, and duties upon importations for the purpose of protection are not allowed. The free trade idea predominates; but as there is an army to be provided, and a navy authorized; it is difficult to imagine how these great expenses can be maintained without duties on importations, and with duties on importations discrimination will naturally and properly follow, even though special protection may be discarded. In providing for a postal service the Constitution very properly requires that it shall be self-sustaining, thereby inducing economy in this branch of the service, and preventing it becoming an enormous charge, as ours is, upon the treasury. The postage on letters should be made to pay the cost of carriage, and the rates of postage should be proportionate to the distance. Congress is also prohibited from appropriating money for internal improvements to promote commerce, except to furnish lights, beacons, &c., and the improvement of harbors. This, though a provision which will save the new Confederacy from a great deal of extravagant expenditure, is a fatal blow at the Southern Pacific Railroad, which President Davis has always favored. The Confederate Congress cannot engage in any such work, and private enterprise will therefore have to build it, if it is ever built. In the main, the changes suggested are improvements upon the United States Constitution, which probably the people of the latter government would never be able to secure in their organic law, through the forms prescribed in their Constitution. Possibly, a compromise at some future day may be presented, which will include the approved provisions of both Constitutions, and the two sections again harmonize under a new and improved Constitution, such as experience has suggested as necessary to union and fraternity.

SEGREGATION AND PROGRESS.

Two opposite processes seem going on in the world. Governments are dissolving, nations, States and fragments of States are seceding with an unheard of facility, and at the very same moment voluntary leagues and arrangements are being made, of an extent and comprehension never before dreamed of. In Europe, the Empire of Austria is melting away, having lost its honor, its credit, and its power of collecting sufficient taxes for the most hand-to-mouth subsistence. The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies is utterly dissolved, and the temporal dominion of the Pope is expiring, while in America, our formerly *United* States are now but States disarranged—*untied*. And yet, never were there such projects of science, and of the general good that ought to bind all nations together. Our railroad system and our telegraphs have seemed as if, for the past ten years, they were so binding this continent together, that it never could be disjointed into fragments. In a social, moral and political point of view, the changes all seemed to lie in the same direction. Extradition treaties caused the giving up of criminals, and reciprocity treaties equalized duttes and facilitated intercourse in such a manner that Canada and the United States were daily becoming more and more like one State, or at least one nation.

In Europe, such have been the interchanges by telegraph of the accounts of the atmospheric alterations, that a severe storm along the coast of England was predicted *three days* before it arrived in some of the ports, and vessels were warned *not* to sail out of their ports, in some instances, three days before one of the most severe and fatal of storms to others that did sail. At this very moment the English Admiral, Fitz Roy, is engaged in arranging and perfecting a set of signals by which, from telegraphic communications received, he may communicate to ships sailing past the coast light-houses important information of coming storms. So well are the usual courses of these storms now known and mapped, that a very little information from one or two points, regularly received, will make it almost impossible for a severe gale to reach any part of the English coast without first of all being heralded by the telegraph, its violence and rate of progress ascertained, vessels all warned from the light-houses, and the time of the termination of the whole predicted, with the successive courses and changes of the wind. But to accomplish and perfect this, there needs daily reports of winds, rains and storms from a thousand different stations, all along the coasts of Europe, to be transmitted and compared; and telegraph wires are being momentarily used in this work.

Our own country was the first to start these maps of storms, under Lieut. Maury, and from the extent of our coasts and internal lines of telegraph, we were better fitted than any other nation under heaven for making extended observations and recording them, so as to give useful information. Our coast survey and light-house system had accurately delineated the coast, and were establishing light-houses and buoys when the vandalism of secession destroys the buoys, seizes the vessels of the coast survey wherever they can be found sufficiently unprotected, and the very oil that was to furnish light. All scientific works are interrupted, and even the light-houses are darkened, and the shipping of the whole world subjected to dangers for years unknown.

This is but an illustration of the two opposing spirits manifested in this age as in none previous, and in this country, with an intensity nowhere else so visible, secession segregating, and commerce and science uniting. The whole of this is rapidly breaking up old forms and unities, and establishing new combinations more vast and important than the mind of man can conceive.

THE WARSAW DISTURBANCES.

The disturbances in Poland indicate a revolutionary tendency of the popular mind in that country, communicated by the recent events in Italy, which have rescued that country from the hands of its oppressors, and have probably been one of the causes for the determination of the Russian Emperor to free his serfs. Though Poland, by its unfortunate revolution in 1830, became a province of Russia, yet the memory of its national glories did not die with its independence. The intended emancipation of the serfs produced hopes of greater privileges to the Poles, and, under the name of an agricultural association, some thousands of them assembled at Warsaw, on the 24th of February, to petition the Emperor for further favors, and to celebrate the battle of Grochow, near by Warsaw, where the Poles and the Russians had come into conflict in 1831. This demonstration was probably regarded by the military Governor as one of political significance, for placards were posted all over the town calling the citizens to assemble to do honor to the memory of those who were slain, and join in the procession. The police had taken the precaution to distribute soldiers and agents among the people.

The procession organized with Polish banners, and advanced singing Polish songs and hymns. It was composed of the nobility and the most respectable citizens of Warsaw. When near the Governor's palace, the banner of the white eagle was displayed, which produced a shout of enthusiasm, and 30,000 men, women and children, raised a national hymn, many of them shedding tears. At this moment the Cossack Cavalry charged upon the crowd, several were killed and others wounded. This produced great popular excitement. Subsequently in attempting another popular demonstration on the occasion of the funeral of those who were previously slain, the troops again attempted to disperse the crowd, but were pelted with stones. The military fired, and several distinguished Poles, belonging to the Agricultural Society, fell among the victims. The crowds dispersed for the time; but the next day the dead bodies were paraded through the city, and on the occasion of their funeral as many as one hundred thousand people were present. The General, Prince Gortschakoff, ordered the troops to their barracks, and exerted himself to the utmost to preserve peace. The utmost agitation prevails throughout the country. The Russian General, who gave the word to fire, has been ordered before a court martial; the Minister of Police has been dismissed; all the Poles employed in the Russian service have tendered their resignations. The Agricultural Society forwarded its petition to the Emperor, which, it is said, has been unfavorably received, which, if true, will not tend to tranquillize the public mind. The Poles number about fifteen millions of people; speaking a different language and having a different religion, it is a difficult matter to crush out of their memories the remembrance of their nationality.

THE ANNOYANCES TO COMMERCE FROM SECESSION.—The steamer Bienville, from New Orleans, by way of Havana, arrived at New York, has been subjected to the surveillance of the custom house authorities. The vessel was cleared from New Orleans for New York as a foreign port, and hence becomes subject to the disabilities of the act regulating the coastwise trade, which provide that the master shall obtain a coastwise clearance, and a certified manifest of the cargo, specifying whether it is of foreign growth or production, so that if it is, the duties may be paid or secured to be paid. That on arrival, such clearance papers shall be presented to the collector, and on the failure thereof, a fine of one hundred dollars is to be imposed on the master, and the goods are to be forfeited, and also the vessel, if the cargo of foreign growth and production shall exceed eight hundred dollars in value. The cargo brought by the Bienville is valued at over $800,000, and is of the usual assorted character; the least portion coming from New Orleans. The collector, although he has not officially seized the vessel, has the matter relating to the violation of the revenue law under consideration. The master was unable to conform to the law because there was not a collector of customs for the United States at the port of clearance, and he obtained the best and only papers he could get.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE is said to be in a state of perpetual terror about the condition of her soul. Her mind is tottering. At one moment she is for setting out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, at another she is absorbed in all the mysteries of spirit rapping; then the Emperor finds her in a state of nervous affection, as if life were an absolute burden to her. The priests have told her that Providence has assigned to her a grand *role*. It is for this she lives at the present hour. It is said that she seriously doubts whether it is not her duty to leave her husband and child and go into a convent.

FLORIDA RAISING THE WIND.—Florida has just sold half a million of acres of land to some New Orleans speculators, at *two cents* an acre. Considering the millions of dollars she has cost the United States while she was in the Union, ten million *mills* will not enable her to keep a very large army upon a war footing.

THE COST.—The late census returns show that the *free population* of the Confederate States amounts to 2,656,481 souls, including men, women and children. In order to raise the proposed loan of $15,000,000, a tax of $5 64 *per capita* must be levied on each individual.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE FOR THEM?

However much the general condition of the free people of color in the United States have been ameliorated, yet there exists a constant tendency to withdraw the few privileges heretofore accorded them. Many evidences of harsh legislation have occurred during the past winter illustrating this same tendency. The Legislature of Kentucky passed a law, which stipulates that no slave shall hereafter be emancipated, unless removed from its limits; and any free person of color entering the State shall be liable to an imprisonment for not less than one, or more than five years. A bill passed the Georgia Legislature, which provides that every free person of color found therein after the first of May, 1802, shall be liable to seizure and sale as slaves for life. The Governor of Delaware recommended the repeal of the law of 1855, allowing this class in Maryland to remove and reside in New Castle and Kent counties, in that State; and the Legislature enacted that any free person of color may be sold to the highest bidder for debt. The same element of population in Alabama have been warned to leave at once, or submit to extreme measures. The City Councils of Charleston, S. C., have so heavily taxed the free colored people of that city, as must speedily result in universal abject poverty or their sale into slavery.

Thousands of these people will flock to the North for shelter and the means of living. How will they be received? Their brethren are very generally refused a fundamental right of freemen—that of voting for their rulers. Several States either forbid their acquiring and holding property, or prohibit their entrance and residence by severe penalties. Even in Ohio, an effort was made to move the Legislature to expel such of the Arkansas exiles as took up their abode in that State, and to prevent the admission of other such unfortunates. With this popular feeling existing and likely to exist, this increasing element of population can find no encouragement to regard this country as a permanent residence. Hence, the friends of the Colonization Society propose their settlement in Liberia, not because unfriendly to their improvement here, but because it appears certain that it is neither in the power of benevolence or legislation to remove their disabilities, and to save them from influences which must repress hope and weaken exertion. Causes will operate there to develope the talents, invigorate the faculties, and dignify their purposes. There they will not be depressed by the consideration of their past condition, and by the presence of another race of superior powers and attainments.

Upon this high and unexceptionable ground, the wise, the patriotic and religious of every portion of the Union may cordially unite. The citizens, the States, and the General Government can join in its intent upon accomplishing a great and good end by virtuous means. The latter is estimated to have appropriated to help the Indians in this country $200,000,000 within the last thirty years. These disbursements have arisen now to over $5,000,000 annually. If Congress can thus constitutionally grant money to remove and settle the Indians, why can it not pursue the same course for the Africans? The people of color are beginning to appreciate the fact that invaluable as freedom is to others, it is comparatively of little value to them. They are looking to Africa as their ultimate home, and where the whites will be dependent upon them for missionary and commercial agencies. One hundred and eight of the colored residents of Pennsylvania were colonized in Liberia during the years 1859 and 1860, and as large a number are now desirous of sharing in the same bounty. Let all aid the Colonization Society in the settlement of these people in that Republic. Help will be required only until the commerce which is rapidly growing between Africa and this country will furnish facilities for the same emigration from America to Africa, that is now taking place between Europe and this continent.

THE MODEL HOTEL OF AMERICA.

The Washington States and Union, in an article headed "Hotels of the World," classes the Philadelphia "Continental" as the first hotel in America. We here know its character, but, to show how a stranger who professes to be experienced in the hotels of the world regards it, we copy a portion of the remarks of the "States:"

"The idiosyncracy of the 'Continental' is comfort. It is a little strange that it should be so, but nevertheless it is quite the case, that, amid so much marble and such opulence of design, there is a degree of easy abandon, which hangs about the place, reminding one of home. The rich tapestry looks solid and substantial, as the curtains of an old country house, the stairways give befo e you, easily and gracefully, as though they were proud of your company, and the doors open to you with a 'how'd-ye-do' sort of way, which reminds one of a bountiful larder and cellar well stored.' And, in truth, the impression is not deceived, the tables are stocked, pigeons, wigeons, poultry, pork, beef a la this, and beef a la that, in short, all things that could ever be thought of, from a 'quemberry tart' to the 'wing of a weed-bird,' as Lord Dundreary says. I ate so much turkey myself, that, like the boy in the story book, I could not eat a morsel of plum-pudding!

"The 'Continental Hotel' is located on the southeast corner of Ninth and Chesnut streets. It is built of stone, six stories high, and occupies a full block. The narrow street which separates it from the each covered Girard, with the overhanging balconies, is almost darkened by the lofty walls, pierced by numberless windows. On the first floor, as you enter, the business and public rooms of the house, the office of registry, post office, telegraph office, barroom, barber shops, and reading and sitting rooms, all elegantly and uniquely furnished, are the first objects which arrest the stranger's eye. White marble everywhere! Columns plain and massive, counters chaste and clear, floors, ceilings, all arrayed with a peculiar sense of elegance and ease. The various portals are all carved with graceful designs.

"The flights of stairway are exceedingly pleasant of ascent, not steep, but slow and measured, to such a degree as makes one imagine himself on terra firma. The halls above in winter are covered with heavy Turkey carpeting, richly hung with tapestry, and heated by an arrangement as balm as June air. The parlors, private and public, are also neat and prettily furnished, whilst the bed-rooms are so cozy and convenient that they bring up ideas of a tasteful summer villa, instead of a grand metropolitan hotel. In a word, the 'Continental' is the model house in America, if not in the world, and does infinite honor to the Quaker City, as also Messrs. Stevens & Co., proprietors, who, with their assistants, are proverbially polite, kind and obliging."

A SORROWFUL CITY.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing hence, notices the many striking indications everywhere reminding the sojourner in Philadelphia of the uncertainty of life. The numerous graveyards within the thickly-built city, the undertakers' signs—a coffin projecting half way across the sidewalk, the "mourning goods' conspicuously displayed in shop windows—all would imply, if the statistics of the health of our city did not prove otherwise, that we drove a thriving business in burials, and that the luxury of grief was one of our chief enjoyments. But another peculiarity is noticed, which specially belongs to this city. The writer says—

"But what is particularly noticeable is black ribbon attached to the front window shutters, where they are placed immediately upon occasion of death, and remain as long as it is thought best to keep the sad event prominently in mind—usually, I think, about two years. Crape is also attached to the bell knob, and remains till buried. Thus one can scarcely walk a square, without being aware of household sorrows, either in their fullest intensity, indicated by the emblem at the bell knob, or softened more or less by time, by the signal at the front shutters When the shutters are put back, it is presumed the load of sorrow is somewhat abated, as they are kept in a position ajar, but nearly closed, for a very considerable number of months. From this, I think, must have grown the general habit of excluding from the dwellings the generous and genial daylight."

Almost every person who visits our city for the first time, notices these many memorials of sorrow so ostentatiously thrust in their faces, as if our citizens took a special delight in mourning, and wished the world to know how deeply afflictive was their deprivation.

WHAT THEY WILL OWE US.—When the Gulf States are acknowledged as a separate confederacy, they will owe a nice little bill to the United States, and which in the "settlement" will no doubt be presented them. The following is the amount they have directly cost the U. S. Government:

Louisiana (purchased of France,) $15,000,000; interest paid, $8,385,353; Florida, (purchased of Spain,) $5,000,000; interest paid, $1,430,000; Texas, (boundary,) $10,000,000; Texas, (for indemnity,) $10,000,000; Texas, (for creditors, last Congress,) $7,750 000; Indian expenses of all kinds, $5,000,000; to purchase navy, pay troops, $5,000,000; all other expenditures, $3,000 000; Mexican war, $2.7 175,565; soldiers' pensions and bounty lands. $100,000,000; Florida war, $100,000,000; soldiers' pensions, $7,000,000; to remove Indians, $15 000,000; paid by treaty for New Mexico, $15,000 000 paid to extinguish Indian titles, $100,000,000; paid to Georgia, $3,082,000; total cost, $617,822,938.

EFFECTS OF SECESSION UPON BALTIMORE.—Baltimore appears to suffer worse than any other large city, from the disturbance and derangement of business the secession movement has produced over the country. The Association for the improvement of the condition of the poor in that city, states officially, that one person in every twenty-five of the population is in a state of destitution! This comprises only those who have come within the scope of the benevolent action of the Association, and, of course, does not include the thousands that either receive assistance from other sources, or resolutely keep their sad condition from the knowledge of the community.

THE OFFICE BEGGARS have so annoyed the President that he is compelled to announce in the papers that he cannot receive visiters on certain days

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS OF THE CONFEDERATED LOAN TAKEN.—The Savannah Republican announces with gratification that the banks of that city have taken $500,000 of the loan authorized by the Montgomery Congress.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

SPECIAL SESSION OF THE SENATE.

On *Tuesday*, the proceedings of the Senate were interesting and important. The subject under discussion being Mr. Douglas' resolution calling for information relative to the forts and other public property in the seceded States. Mr. Breckinridge proceeded to make a speech, in which he attempted to controvert the arguments of Mr. Douglas relative to the position now occupied by the South in the Territories. He was followed by Mr. Douglas, who reiterated his former arguments, and still further enforced them. At the conclusion of his speech a vote was taken to lay the resolution upon the table, and it was so disposed of, by a vote of 23 to 11. Mr. Breckinridge then asked leave to offer a resolution recommending the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the Southern States, and pressed for a vote upon it, but it was objected to. Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, offered a similar resolution, with the addition that no attempt be made to collect the revenue in the Confederate States. That also was laid over, and the Senate went into Executive session.

On *Wednesday*, the Senate received from the President a brief message in response to the resolution passed on Monday, requesting him to send in the correspondence of Major Anderson with the Government relative to Fort Sumpter. The President declines to furnish the correspondence as requested, on the ground that, at the present time, it would be improper to make it public. Mr. Breckinridge moved to take up his resolution, offered on Tuesday, advising the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the seceded States. No quorum being present, however, it could not be considered, and the Senate went into Executive Session. When the doors were opened, Mr. Breckinridge again moved that the resolution be considered, and expressed his willingness to accept the substitute of Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, which advised the Administration also to abstain from any efforts to collect the revenue. This was objected to by a number of members, among them Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, as going too far. It was also insisted by the latter gentleman that the forts at Key West and Tortugas should be excepted from the provisions of Mr. Breckinridge's resolution, which Mr. Breckinridge did not object to. Considerable debate took place as to the propriety of considering the resolution at all, as it would necessitate a long discussion, and it was questionable, after all, whether the Senate had any right to pass it. A vote was finally taken on the motion to take it up, when it was found that no quorum was present, and the Senate finally adjourned without definite action.

On *Thursday*, Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Senate, the true way to preserve the Union is to enforce the laws of the Union; that resistance to their enforcement, whether made under the name of Anti Coercion, or any other name, is encouragement to disunion, and that it is the duty of the President to use all the means in his power to hold and protect the public property of the United States, and enforce the laws thereof, as well in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas, as with the other States of the Union.

Mr. Trumbull said he had offered the resolution as expressive of the views which he entertained. He desired to have it printed, and would be glad if he could have a vote on it.

Mr. Bright, of Indiana, said that all his side of the chamber would be glad to have a vote now.

Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, moved that the Senate proceed to the consideration of executive business.

Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky—Did you hear the resolution read?

Mr. Sumner—I did not.

Mr. Breckinridge—Perhaps if you had, you would not object to a vote on it.

Mr. Bright wished to vote on the resolution without debate. He presumed every gentleman on his side wished the same.

Calls were made on the Democratic side for the yeas and nays.

Mr. Hale, of N. H., wished to say that, while he was a member of the Senate, he was ready to give the President exactly that advice which belonged to the position which his constituents had assigned him in the form and mode prescribed by the Constitution, and agreeably to the usages of the Senate. Therefore he was not prepared at this very late day of the session to interpose his advice to the President upon the great question which presents itself to the country.

Mr. Powell, of Ky., referred to the President's recent message, in which the latter had said that it would be incompatible with the public interest to communicate Major Anderson's despatches to the War Department His object in calling for the information was to vindicate Major Anderson's reputation, which had been assailed by an article in a prominent Republican newspaper, claiming to be predicated on his despatches. Major Anderson belonged to his State, of Kentucky, and was a gallant, true and honest man. He repeated that he was in possession of official despatches published in order to show that Major Anderson has not misrepresented the facts relative to his true condition as to supplies.

Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, said he would vote to go into Executive session, desiring to bring business to a close for no other purpose.

The Senate then went into Executive session—Yeas 25 (all Republicans except Johnson), nays 11 (all Democrats save Trumbull and Wade).

When the doors were re-opened, a resolution was adopted appointing a Committee to wait on the President and inform him that, if he had no further communication to make, the Senate were ready to adjourn *sine die*

Messrs. Baker, of Oregon, and Bright were appointed the Committee.

Several executive messages having been received, the Senate again went into Executive session.

Subsequently a resolution, involving an appropriation of six or seven thousand dollars for the purchase of the Annals of Congress, and the Register of Debates, was discussed and then postponed till December.

The President having no further communication to make, the Senate, at 4 o'clock, adjourned *sine die*.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The steamship City of Baltimore, from Liverpool March 23, sailing at Queenstown the following day, arrived at New York on Thursday. The leaguer of the Citadel of Messina had been brought to a speedy close by the capitulation of Gen. Fergola, who acted under special instructions received from Francis II. It was supposed that Civatella del Fronto, the only remaining stronghold in the hands of the Bourbon faction, would at once surrender. From Poland we learn that the petition of the people had met with a favorable reception at St. Petersburgh, the Emperor having conceded a National Consultative Council, with M. Zamoysky, the leader of the Reform Party, as its presiding officer. Everything at Warsaw was tranquil. The French Chambers were still busily discussing the Imperial policy. An improbable rumor prevailed that the French representative at Rome had disclaimed the sentiments enounced in the recent speech of Prince Napoleon. American questions continue to attract the attention of the leading European Powers. The correspondent of the New York Times, at Paris, says that both France and England are preparing squadrons of observation to visit the American coast, with a view to guarding against all dangerous eventualities. The apprehensions of the passage of the Morrill Tariff had acted disastrously upon almost every branch of English industry. The market for American stock was very firm. United States Five Per Cents are quoted at 79 a 81. Consols ¼ a ⅜ per cent. higher, and money on the stock exchange was easy at 6 per cent. The grain news by this arrival is more important than any received for three months past, and its effect will no doubt be seen throughout our markets. The private advices read very strong. The Vigo, which left Liverpool on the 6th ult., brings £248,540 in specie, which, together with the £81,728 by the City of Baltimore, makes a total of $1,650,000 to be added to our already overflowing bank vaults. The exchange on London is unaffluenced by these arrivals, but remains very firm at 108 per cent. Francs are quoted at 525 a 522½.

By the arrival at New York of the steamship Africa, we have some later news from Europe. The Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, died on the 16th instant. The London Times asks where the Confederate States are to negotiate the proposed loan, seeing that one-fifth of the population is pledged to repudiation. The Times says that President Davis is the man who laughed at the dupes of the Mississippi bonds. The reduction of the discount rate to six per cent. by the Bank of France had a good effect on the money market of Paris and London. The surrender of Messina was unconditional after four days' firing. Over 5000 prisoners and 300 cannon were given up. The Italian Parliament had unanimously approved the assumption of the title of the Kingdom of Italy.

The Latest.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, March 16.—Sales of Cotton to-day 25,000 bales, including 8000 bales for speculation and export. Messrs. Hewitt report the market buoyant at fully ⅛d. advance. The quotations are:—New Orleans Middling 7¼d.; Mobile Middling 6¾d.; Upland Middling 6¾d.

Breadstuffs are firm and generally unchanged. Provisions quiet.

LONDON, March 16.—Consols closed at 92 a 92¼ for money, and 92¼ a 92⅜ for account. American securities are generally unchanged.

DISCLAIMING THE RESPONSIBILITY.—The Norfolk Herald, of Thursday, relates the following as an "ower true tale." Two colored draymen were overheard a few days ago, holding a colloquy over the desperate dull times, and the falling off of business in their line, which sometimes curtailed their payments to their owners one half what it used to be. "Well, dat's one comfort anyhow," said one of them; "we had no hand in bringing about dese hard times. It was all the white folks' doin's, and dey can't blame us poor niggers for it." Alas! the simple hearted Ouffee, it had never entered his ruminskull that the "niggers" were truly the causes of the whole mischief, being the unconscious instrument played upon by unprincipled politicians, North and South, until the country was brought to its present ruined condition.

THE YELVERTON MARRIAGE CASE

The trial, which commenced on the 21st ult., is one of the most extraordinary and exciting cases which has been before the courts for a long time, was brought to a close on the 4th inst., by the rendition of a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. The suit was brought by a Mr. Theilwell, to recover from Major Yelverton the sum of £260, advanced to Mrs. Yelverton, on the ground that she was the wife of the former. The London Star gives the following summary of the facts of the case, as brought out by the trial:—

Between eight and nine years ago, the Boulogne packet boat was on its way to Dover. It was a sultry evening in August, and the ladies and gentlemen on board passed the night on deck. Of these, one lady and gentleman sat side by side. The gentleman folded his plaid and laid it across the knees of himself and his fair companion. An odic force was communicated through the innocent woollen, and from that moment a mixed *rapport* of magnetism and love was established between them. Miss Teresa Longworth—for that was the lady's name—seems to have been fascinated by the odic force of Major Yelverton, who was no doubt personally an agreeable and, to a lady, a lovable man. He was, besides, heir apparent to the Earldom of Avonmore. Miss Longworth belonged to what is called a good family in Lancashire, was educated from infancy in a French convent, had lived little at home, but much abroad on visits to relatives and friends. Her allowance from her family was two hundred pounds sterling a year.

Twelve months after the *rapport* in the Boulogne boat the influence began to operate. Major Yelverton was stationed at Malta; Miss Longworth set off for Italy She seems to have been attracted by him. "My recollections of him," she says, "were agreeable, and I had a vague desire to have further acquaintance." Her cousin was Consul at Monastir in Albania, and writing to send him a letter Miss Longworth with the assistance of her Naples banker, and of St. Anthony, the patron of Italian postmen, could see no readier method of doing so than by enclosing the letter in one to Maj. Yelverton, with a request to him to post it at Malta. The correspondence thus opened was warmly continued on both sides, but it was not until 1855 that the Major and the lady again met. In that year he was with his regiment in the Crimea; and again the odic force, assuming unconsciously to its object the form of charity, drew Miss Longworth to his vicinity. Among the lady nurses toiling in the hospitals of Galata, she was visited by the Major, who renewed his expressions of attachment, and proposed a secret marriage. Miss Longworth was willing to marry, but rejected the condition of secrecy. But why secrecy? That the Major was in difficulties about what he called the *pecunia*, and had promised his brother, on whom he was dependent, not to marry any lady except one who could pay his debts. Did he mean to deceive the lady by a false marriage, or were his intentions honorable? His subsequent conduct must decide. Miss Longworth would not listen to secrecy. In 1857 Major Yelverton was in Edinburg, and Miss Longworth, who had returned from the Crimea the year before, was again attracted to his vicinity, and visited the capital of the north. Here he renewed proposals for a secret marriage; and spoke of the facility of the Scotch law to tie the knot. She, too, must have become more facile, for she joined him in reading together a marriage formula, but did not go further, and flee when he desired to consummate the union. Being a Catholic, she could see no validity or sanctity in a marriage not performed in the face of the Church.

Finally, in August of 1857, she assented to the pledge of secrecy, he, on his part, acquiescing in marriage by a Catholic priest. They were so married at Boulogne, in Ireland, and entered on the fruition of their love and happiness, according to the lady, entire and unbounded, in which everything on earth became indifferent but their two selves; when he said she was "the dearest small tool-tool that ever lived," and she thought "that there was not in the wide, wide world another Darby like hers." In a few months, however, circumstances were thought by her to render the maintenance of secrecy respecting the marriage no longer possible, and then it appeared that considerations touching his *pecunia* and his family were paramount in Major Yelverton's mind over regard for his wife's reputation as an honorable woman "The cat must be kept in the bag just now," he writes to her, "for if the fiery devil gets out now she'll explode a precious mine, and blow us all to the uttermost." By persuasions and reasons of this kind he brought his wife to respect the secret

In 1858 they travelled abroad as husband and wife. She fell seriously ill at Bordeaux, where he left her, to rejoin his regiment. Here she was exposed to the distress of being considered by the physician in attendance on her recovery as a return to England, she wrote to Major Yelverton a touching letter, which he left unanswered. She communicated the fact of the marriage to his family, and the catastrophe which his heartlessness had prepared, followed. Open repudiation was afterward confirmed by a second marriage with a lady, who, it is presumed, was able to pay his debts; and now Mrs. Teresa Yelverton, as she claims to be, appears in Court to support a demand against him, made by one of her friends, for necessaries supplied to her.

The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the whole trial, which continued from the 21st of February to the 4th of March. The jury returned a verdict that there was both a Scotch and Irish marriage, and that the defendant was a Roman Catholic for twelve months before. Upon the verdict being rendered, an extraordinary scene of excitement ensued. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved, the members of the bar stood up and joined heartily in the public manifestations of delight; many of them actually took off their wigs and waved them with energy. The excitement inside communicated to those outside, and people, yelling and cheering, rushed in every direction.

"Crowd crushed after crowd to obtain a look at the great woman who had fought so nobly for her honor and for her sex, and who had won the fight. The people insisted that they should draw her in triumph to her hotel. Many sought to have the honor of saying that they assisted in drawing home the Hon. Mrs Yelverton after she had gained the victory. but they were crushed off by the masses of the people who were pushing their way to the chariot, which stood in the western court yard. About seven o'clock the Hon Mrs. Yelverton, on issuing from the court to take her place in the carriage, was received with vehement cheering. At the hotel the crowd insisted upon the lady's appearance. She complied, and on the balcony addressed it as follows:

"My noble-hearted friends, you have made me this day an Irishman, by the verdict that I am the wife of an Irishman. (Vehement cheering.) I glory to belong to such a noble-hearted nation. (Great cheering.) You will live in my heart forever, as I have lived in your hearts this day. (Tremendous applause) I am too weak to say all that my heart desires, but you will accept the gratitude of a heart that was made sad, and is now made glad. (Loud cheers) Farewell for the present, but forever I belong in heart and soul to the people of Dublin."

After giving an outline of the story as above, the London Times comments as follows on the case:

Such is an outline of this extraordinary case, and in weighing the evidence on either side it is difficult to pronounce a judgment There are some improbabilities in the lady's story, especially as regarded the alleged Scotch marriage; but on this and other important points she was well corroborated by facts and witnesses, and during a long and severe examination she was not shaken in a single particular. In finding for her the jury have probably come to a sound conclusion, though their verdict can have no effect on the principal point at issue. On the other hand, the case of Yelverton was obviously antecedently improbable, and that in a very remarkable degree It rested in the main on his own statements, with every possible motive for falsehood; and it broke down in its vital point when the assertion of a celebration for a fortnight before the marriage in Ireland. As regards the actors in this woful drama, it is easy to form an estimate of them. The man who, in his own words, conceived "the idea" of a systematic seduction—committed, if we may credit himself, a most abominable outrage upon a lady who had just been the guest of his superior officer—profaned a solemn and most holy rite for the vile purpose of fraud and sensuality—abandoned his victim in the hour of her peril, with hints about "avoiding an event" which may well bear a terrible interpretation—and finally crowned the climax of his deeds by ruining, through his contact, another woman—we may leave to his self-inflicted mis

ARMY AND NAVY.

NAVAL.—A letter has been received in this city from an officer on board the U. S. frigate Niagara, dated Aden, January 16th, stating that they expect to arrive at Boston in the Niagara between 15th of April and 1st of May.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, April 3, 1861.

TERMS OF THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER

To Single Subscribers, one year.....	$1 00
Club of Six, for one year.....	5 00
Club of Thirteen, for one year.....	10 00
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Club of Thirty-four, " " "	25 00
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No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

Postage on the Dollar Newspaper.

To any Post-office in Pennsylvania, 13 cents per year.
To any Post-office out of Pennsylvania, 26 cents per year.
To any Post-office in any of the British Provinces, 26 cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscription.
To any Post-office out of the United States, other than the British Provinces, the postage is two cents per number of the paper, or one dollar and four cents per year, payable at this office at the time of subscribing.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"GENTLE WORDS," "MY COTTAGE HOME," and "THE BIRD'S DEPARTURE," by W. G., are smoothly versified, but will hardly suit for publication in the "Newspaper."

"EVENING," by B. F. H., is declined.

"THE LOST DAY" is hardly suitable for the "Newspaper."

"ODE," by A. H. F., we shall try to make room for.

"I'LL SOON BE HOME," by "Will," is very respectfully declined.

"THE FIRST FLOWER OF SPRING, by Mrs. M. A. T. B., we have filed for publication.

"MORNING PASTIMES," by J. H. W., is accepted.

"ODE TO THE SEASONS," "LOVE UNREQUITTED," and "LIBERTIES MAIDEN," by R. M. B., are respectfully declined.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

The London papers announce that preparations for another grand exhibition of the world's art and industry, next year, are going forward with much spirit. The Charter granted by Parliament requiring a subscription of £250,000 at the outstart, as a contingent fund to guaranty against any possible losses. Of this the greater part was put down in a few days, and the Times says that half a million would have been subscribed readily, if it had been required. The design of the new Crystal Palace has not yet been made public; but it is expected to transcend greatly that which was erected in 1851. The forthcoming exhibition will have the effect to diminish somewhat the volume of European travel this season, but swelling it immensely in 1862. The financial failure and final conflagration of our Crystal Palace renders any hopes of such another display futile for twenty-five years at least. But our annual State and Nation fairs will increase in utility and interest from year to year, and may thus compensate us for the loss.

NAVAL MOVEMENTS OF SPAIN, FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Intelligence from Europe, not very authentic, announces that England, France and Spain are preparing large fleets of war steamers for the United States, and on the heels of this information, we have the news that Spain has annexed the Eastern portion of the Island of San Domingo, known as the Dominican Republic, and that she is about to proceed against Hayti. Spain never relinquished her right to the Dominican portion of the Island, though the Dominicans established their independence from the mother country in 1821. The present movement has doubtless nothing to do with Hayti, but is prompted more by fears of a filibustering confederacy being established upon the Southern borders of the United States, with designs upon the West India Islands and upon Mexico. Spain, England and France have all possessions in the West Indies, and large pecuniary interests in Mexico, all of which are threatened by the avowed purposes upon which the Southern Confederacy is based. President Davis, openly avowed, in his speech at Atlanta, that the West India Islands and Mexico were embraced in the Southern idea of expansion. These avowals have reached Europe, and the effect is seen in the preparations of the three countries whose interests are endangered, to send large naval forces into the Gulf, as a precaution against any filibustering design. Spain is the first to act, by resuming her authority over San Domingo, which secures the Eastern end of the Island. The Western can be left to the care of the negroes who have now possession of it. With these points well guarded by European fleets, any movement against the Gulf Islands or Mexico, will be likely to be speedily arrested.

MAJOR YELVERTON'S MARRIAGES.

In England, abuses, like fevers, run their course to a certain point, and then they are effectually eradicated. In France, the exposure of the evil is not so great, and the reformation is not so complete subsequently. Some scandalous instances of the remaining abuses of the old laws of marriage have recently been ventilated in the courts both of France and of England. The Patterson Bonaparte trial in Paris, and that of Major Yelverton on the other side of the English Channel, both show the desperate schemes to which family pride and aristocratic pretensions have led the higher ranks of European society to resort in order to keep distinguished families from ordinary alliances at the expense of all that is most sacred in female virtue and the sanctity of marriage. The former case, in France, seems to have done no good to the public morals. Family pride is better protected by the laws of France than female virtue.

In England, the case has terminated differently. An immense public feeling has been awakened, and a verdict obtained which proves that the vindication and protection of female honor and virtue are of more importance now in that country than the protection of the privileged classes from the results of their own wrong acts. Major Yelverton was a red-haired, red-whiskered *roue*, the brother and heir apparent of an Earldom. The lady was a Miss Longworth, of a good Lancashire family, with an allowance of about a thousand dollars a year, a Catholic, highly educated in a French convent, young, and quite pretty enough to attract the Mejor, though her money was "not enough to pay his debts." After an acquaintance, at first accidental, he met her at the house of his General commanding, she perhaps exhibiting too great an eagerness for his attentions, never doubting, however, their honorable character, while he was systematically attempting to ruin her by a mock ceremony of marriage. After reading the marriage service together without witnesses, in Scotland, she steadily refused all intercourse with him until marriage had been regularly solemnized by a Roman Catholic priest in the full persuasion on her part, and on the part of the priest, that the ceremony was legal and valid beyond all controversy.

Yet this monster of a Major abandoned the woman thus married on the eve of confinement, denied the validity of the marriage on the ground that he was not a Roman Catholic, and not only found a lady of high birth and ampler fortune and married her after that, but after full investigation of the whole facts, through her relatives, she consented to live with him. It is now legally decided that he was validly married to Miss Longworth *twice*, first in Scotland, and then in Ireland. The Major has been not only treated with every indignity by the crowd, but compelled to resign his commission in the army to avert the sentence of a court-martial for "conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman." He is liable to be tried for bigamy, and the lady he last married is of course not his wife.

The result of all this will be most salutary on English law and on English morals, for it will do much to break up the fraudulent or pretended marriages, by which innocent and virtuous women have been ruined by what they conscientiously believed was a valid marriage, but which was afterwards proved to be technically null and void, by reason of some unknown and artfully contrived informality. This system of legislation has been carried on for a hundred years and more in Europe, to enable the families of the aristocracy to repudiate at pleasure the indiscreet or *mesalliances* of the younger branches of noble families. But in doing so the injustice done to the repudiated females seduced from humble, perhaps, but honest homes, to be themselves and to see their children abandoned and disgraced, has been incalculable to morals and to happiness. The people are now awake and will ovrturn this abuse, it is to be hoped.

APPOINTING TO OFFICE IN SOUTHERN STATES.—In addition to a District Judge in Alabama, Mr. Lincoln has appointed an Admiralty Judge in Florida for Key West. Davis, of the Southern Confederacy, had previously appointed a Judge for the same place. As Key West is in the possession of U. S. troops, it is defended by Fort Taylor, and is detached from the main land. Lincoln's appointment has the better prospect of being received and respected for the present.

THE AGGREGATE NUMBER OF DEATHS in Philadelphia for the week ending on Saturday, the 30th inst., was 279—110 adults and 169 children. There were 38 from consumption of the lungs, 14 from inflammation of the lungs, 18 from small pox, 32 from scarlet fever, 12 from debility, 14 from convulsions, 16 from diptheria and 4 from palsy. One person in the list was over 100 years.

THE EXPOSURE OF CORRUPTION.

It is most difficult, and at the same time important, question to decide, in what circumstances the exposure of frauds and iniquities of all sorts does good, and in what cases it does evil to society. Particularly is this the case in regard to legislative corruption and abuses. The N. Y. Tribune, for instance, is just now very severe upon the New York Legislature, as corrupt beyond all former precedent; which, of course, is saying a good deal. Penknives and other "stealings," it represents as having been caught up with remarkable avidity, and larger fraudulent doings with proportionable zeal. Without doubting the truth of all the Tribune asserts in this line, we may yet be permitted to doubt whether all these communications are made in the most amiable and Christian-like temper and spirit. Certain disappointments seem to have soured the naturally amiable temper of its editor. The question to which all this gives rise, is to what extent and in what circumstances such exposures are productive of public good, and in what of public injury. Of course, it must be necessary that all such statements are perfectly true, and not overcolored for merely personal or party ends. But when strictly true, sweeping charges may be made on specific facts, which convey false impressions. For instance: The Secessionist presses at the South have repeated all the tales of newspaper writers of corruption at the North, until they suppose as one of the great advantages of the secession state, that they will be cut loose from a set of pickpockets and swindlers, and leave all that is fraudulent behind them. Yet it is well known that the very men who have led off the secession movement have been the most wholesale of swindlers.

But the question still further presents itself, whether the wholesale publication of charges of corruption do not tend to produce the very corruption charged, especially where officers are being continually changed. Those who have seen much of actual life and success in situations of great public trust, know how destructive to the highest success and happiness is the least deviation from the path of honor and integrity. But the inexperienced are led by statements such as these to believe that the only road to success is fraud. So soon as this impression gets abroad, whether true or false, the result is, that men of inflexible honor and integrity shun public life as affording them no hope of usefulness or success. And at the same time it draws on and encourages specious villains of every rank and class, to enter public life, with the idea that it is nothing but a contest of wits, and that the keenest, sharpest, most reckless, and yet subtle rogue was the man for public office. In France, this is understood, and the result is most pernicious to the public service. The people have to be kept from uttering their complaints by a military despotism, while beneath the gilded pageantry of royalty are folded State secrets and private frauds that would astonish a nation.

In England, fraud and peculation in public life is carried on, if at all, in such a manner as not to shock the public sense, or exhibit any open violation of the laws of honor or of honesty. When cases do occur, it is the trial, conviction and punishment of the culprit of which the public hear, and not often of their successful violation of any great laws of society or of morality. It is then the tone and *the intent* more than anything else with which corruption is handled, which determines the beneficial or detrimental character of the communication. Vice, viewed too oft, is embraced. If it is needlessly exposed, like the exposure of putridity, it may produce a pestilence, while all that exhibition and treatment of it which is necessary to its removal, contributes to the public health, and turns the whole to a general benefit, and the increased fruitfulness of everything living and useful.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

Ladies skating on Jamaica Pond are called "little slippers."

. . . . If you listen patiently to calumny, you are only less guilty than its utterer.

. . . . Prentice defines what man wants—all he can get. What woman wants—all she can't get.

. . . . Why should the border States remain in the Union? Because Missouri loves company.

. . . . No man born of woman is completely consistent in his character or passions, none wholly virtuous, none completely vicious.

. . . . "Husband, I can't express my detestation of your conduct." "Well, dear, I'm very glad you can't."

. . . . "Millerism" is reviving in Canada. They appoint 1868 as the year for the second advent.

. . . . Prentice thinks the first part of married life is the shine of the honey moon; the rest too often common moonshine.

. . . . Madame, the Duchess of Gallifet, went to a fancy ball, in Paris, in the costume of a tulip! A lively princess appeared on the same occasion as a butterfly.

. . . . A "Yelverton Fund" is about to be raised in Dublin to assist the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton in future litigation.

. . . . "I think I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh yes, I'm owin' Smith and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

. . . . Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, "the medium," says she has received a lecture on secession from Gen. Andrew Jackson, and has published it in a pamphlet form.

. . . . A buxom dame lately sued in a London Court for a divorce on the ground that her husband was objectionable because he wore a silver nose.

. . . . A celebrated turfman in New York, Mr. McMann, offers to trot Brown Dick at mile heats to wagons, best three in five, for $1000, against any horse in the world, barring Flora Temple.

. . . . A weary juror at Lartinzee, Indiana, was fined $200 a few days since, and imprisoned three days, for slipping from the jury room, getting supper at a hotel, and passing the night in a comfortable bed contrary to law.

. . . . A Washington letter says the successful result of Mrs. Gaines' case is in a great measure attributable to Gen. Cushing's indefatigable industry, legal ability, and determination to have the Court give a final decision.

. . . . Senator Wilson, speaking of his belief that Lincoln will stand firmly by the Chicago platform, asks, "when ought a man to forsake his principles?" "When they are *bad*," replies the N. Y. Daybook.

. . . . A lady in Charleston, S. C., a few nights ago, had three children at a birth. Prentice makes the event an occasion to say that Charleston continues to be a port of delivery.

. . . . A New Orleans paper says: "The agents of Europeans who have sent their capital to Louisiana for profitable investment, have been notified to withdraw the same and return it to its owners.

. . . . A New York critic commences his dramatic Feuilleton thus: "HASH. The theatres are so infernally dull that I have no hesitation in saying that anything like a particular account of their doings would be a still greater bore than their performances."

. . . . The Burch divorce case cost $15,000—a small sum of money for the noise it made. The parties are negotiating for a permanent and peaceable separation, with prospects of success. Neither is willing to endure another trial, if it can be avoided.

. . . . Mankind is full of the strangest inconsistencies. Love and hatred, generosity and envy, friendship and malice, and meanness and providence, grow at once on the same tree.

. . . . A man who had won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about his method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her scruples at last by the remark that "the shakers" gave it to him.

. . . . At a dinner party Lord Erskine was seated near Miss Henrietta, commonly called Miss Hennie, who had been celebrated for her beauty, but was then somewhat past the meridian of life. "They say you are a great man for making puns," said Miss Hennie to the wit; "Could you make a pun on me?" "Ah, *Hennie*," was the reply, "you are no *chicken*."

. . . . The London Dispatch says there are more British admirals than ships, more generals than regiments, more captains of artillery and engineers than guns.

. . . . Those who cannot find happiness at home, are not fond of the simple pleasures and delights in which true happiness consists. The youth who shuns his home in his early days will be glad to take refuge under the domestic mansion when the afflictions of age or adversity crowd upon him.

. . . . Fanny Fern says, "if there is a thing which a man cannot do, it is to write a lucid description of a lady's dress. The sex of any book, or magazine, or newspaper article, may be instantaneously determined, when this delicate subject is ventured upon. After a man has 'shot a gold arrow' through a woman's hair, or stuck the inevitable stereotyped 'simple rose' in it, or mentioned that 'her lace was point,' her jewelry 'the simple diamond'(!)—her dress of 'evident richness' or, 'very tasty'—he couldn't possibly say *tasteful*—or, that her bouquet was 'chaste,' his occupation is gone—and it is really touching to see the bewildered creature's embarassment! One thinks of an elephant trying to thread a cambric needle." As an offset to this, Fanny would remark, "that women are quite as awkwark when they attempt pen-and-ink-ually to make male characters converse. It is invariably feminine prattle, the masculine element evaporating in the 'by Joves,' and 'my dear fellows.'"

ONLY TO MAGNIFY HIS OFFICE.—Superintendent Kennedy, of New York, admits in his examination by the Police Commissioners, that all his officious zeal for Mr. Lincoln's safety in passing to the Capital, proceeded upon mere rumors of plots against his life, and not upon any known facts. He declined implicating and naming any one, but says he had sent his spies to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Kennedy has not yet received any public appointment or reward from Mr. Lincoln.

LITERARY RECORD.

The Wonder of Kingswood Chace. By Pierce Egan. New York: E. D. Long & Co. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This author has produced several short stories of the sensation order, which, having been published in cheap form, have met with large sale.

The Philadelphia Publishers contributed largely to the Trade sale of books in New York. On Friday the invoice of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, was sold. Their list embraces twenty-seven different editions of Dickens' novels, at from $5 to $100 a set. The various editions met with a ready sale at good prices, and the orders were largely duplicated.—Mrs. Southworth's and Caroline Lee Hentz's works were readily sold—Miss Bremer's last work, "Life in the New World," was largely duplicated. The invoice, generally, brought as good prices as at the last fall sale. A number of new publications by John E. Potter, Philadelphia, sold well. "Everybody's Lawyer and Counsellor in Business," by Frank Crosby, of Philadelphia, was lined at twenty-five, but was duplicated to six hundred and thirty-seven copies, at satisfactory prices. The medical, religious and scientific works published by Lindsay & Blakiston, brought good prices. The book publishing business has suffered as much as any with the times, and these sales and prices will be a relief to the trade. The Confederate States had not a single representative at the sale, nor are they known to be buying to any considerable extent through agents.

Lippincott & Co., of this city, have become the exclusive American publishers of Chambers' Encyclopedia, which was commenced by the Appletons. It will be issued regularly, and, when completed, will be found one of the most useful works of general information extant.

"*Tacitus and His Age*" is the title of a new work by Guchan, in which the character of Nero is smoothed over in a novel manner, so much so as to excite the French critics considerably. Thus the early part of his reign is said to have been, though popular, much affected by "family difficulties." The critics say this moderate view reminds them of the Americans, who, when they knock out a man's brains, allude to the circumstance by saying "they have had a difficulty with him."

Auguste Callet has published a work on the existence of hell and eternal punishment. His principal point is, that the idea not only involves an eternity of suffering, but an eternity of depravity in the sufferer, which last condition implies its toleration and consent! Callet, so reasoning, goes in strong for purgatory, as being much more reasonable.

Horne, the venerable author of that admirable book, "The Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures," not to have read which would be a fault in any theologian, has retired from his post of librarian to the British Museum, with a well-deserved retiring pension.

For the fifth volume of Macaulay's History, just published in London, the publishers received from the trade orders in advance for fifteen thousand copies. The book will be published by three houses in this country.

The author of "Adam Bede" has written a new story called "Silas Marner, the Weaver of Ravelce," which is announced by Blackwood & Sons, of Edinburgh.

Harriet Martineau—though at present laboring under a disease of the heart which may at any time result fatally, still writes industriously for Once a Week—is preparing a copious autobiography, and contributes leaders to the London Daily News.

Pycroft's "Wasps and Words of Men of Letters" will be reprinted in this country by Smith, English & Co., of this city.

Tilton & Co., of Boston, have in press and will shortly publish a new series of works by Mrs. Ashton, who is known as the author of many popular religious juveniles. The new volume will be illustrated from original designs.

Mr. Buckle's second volume of the "History of Civilization in England" will appear this month. In it he will contrast the intolerance of Papal Spain with the intolerance of Presbyterian Scotland.

John Stuart Mill is preparing for the press a work on Representative Government. It is rumored that the present state of American affairs will be alluded to therein.

Mr. Carlyle will not finish his history of "Frederick the Great" before 1862, according to the latest accounts.

Works on the United States are now eagerly sought for in Europe and find a ready sale.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers' invoice of books, at the New York Trades Sales last week, included twenty-seven editions of the novels of Dickens, varying in price from $5 to $100 per set.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Walnut* Street Theatre Mr. and Mrs. James Wallack continue their engagement through the present week. Mr. W. is a good actor, and, what is more, is generally successful in pleasing the critics.

At McDonough's *Olympic Theatre*, the popular piece of "The Seven Sisters" continues its hold on public favor, and although the number of persons who have witnessed it is set down at 70,000, the house is nightly crowded. The success may, in a measure, be accounted for in the fact that the enterprising and industrious manager is all the time crowding into it something new, thus keeping up the attraction.

Sanford having withdrawn his popular burlesque, "The Seven Sable Sisters," is this week treating his audiences to a rich variety of the new and amusing in negro extravaganza.

The *Stereopticon* is attracting the attention that it deserves, for it is really one of the most pleasing and instructive exhibitions ever offered to the Philadelphia public. The views include landscapes, mountains, lakes, valleys, rivers, ancient and modern architecture as displayed in the cathedrals, churches, castles, bridges, public and private edifices, crystal and royal palaces, monuments and choice specimens of statuary. The great hall of the Assembly Building was much crowded every evening last week, and all left loud in praise of what they saw. The exhibition of statuary is truly beautiful.

The Italian Opera Company commences a short engagement at the Academy of Music on Monday evening next. The company numbers in in it some of the most popular performers ever in this city.

At the *Arch* Street Theatre, Mr. Dillon continues his engagement another week. In some parts he is a very fine actor; there are others again, in the higher walks of tragedy, in which he is inferior to many of our stock actors. In "Belphegor," the "Corsican Brothers," &c., he is very effective.

Barnum has withdrawn his exhibition of the "Aztec Children," "Albinos, etc. It met with indifferent success.

Blitz has concluded his performances at the Commonwealth Hall. After a round in the country, he will reopen in the fall.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE TIMES.

Political disturbances of the country have not only affected the wholesale business of cities, by the stoppage of trade and the uncertainty of the future, but they have also proportionally lessened the retail business. In a period of uncertainty and inaction retrenchment of expenses is the first thing thought of, and from a belief that no business could be pushed, many of the retailers have ceased to take the usual means of giving publicity to their operations. That this is a mistaken notion is very clearly shown in the case of those who pursue a different system. On Saturday last one of our tradesmen, in a branch of business unusually dull, had an advertisement in the papers announcing the sale of his articles at prices less than the usual cost, and the consequence was that his store was filled from morning till night with a crowd of persons that three or four attendants could not wait upon fast enough. The sales of wet goods by the John Trucks fill the shops of those who advertise them from day to day. The fact is, people at such a time as this, when business is less remunerative than usual, feel as if a retrenchment of expenses were necessary, whether the times actually affect them seriously or not. They wear their clothes longer and keep their old furniture under the impression that prices will necessarily be cheaper. These have been so high for a number of years, that any abatement of them is an inducement to buy, and as money is plenty, from its non-employment in the usual enterprises and speculations, any tradesman who presents the proper inducements of moderate prices can soon find plenty of customers. Those who have the courage and the enterprise to make the attempt, are well rewarded for their pains. And it is quite possible for any individual to improve his business by adapting it to the times and giving the necessary publicity to it. In many cases it would be a profitable operation to sell old stocks of goods at cost prices, for they can be replenished for cash at much cheaper rates.

IRON RAILROAD CARS.—The car, with twenty passengers, which plunged through the draw of the Hackensack bridge, last week, on the New York and Erie Railroad, was built of iron, and when it was taken out it was found to be a little bent, but not otherwise materially injured. The safety of the passengers is probably owing to the fact that the material of the car was not wood. Hitherto when accidents of this kind have occurred the cars have been crushed to pieces, and the passengers been either killed or wounded in the general wreck, or impaled by the splinters. With iron there are no splinters, and in this case it seems to have been strong enough to resist the shock of the fall, and to sustain its own weight when precipitated endwise into the water, without suffering much injury. It this is the result, iron railroad cars will hereafter be considered the safest for travel, and their use become general. The plunging of a train of cars through the drawbridge of a railroad seems an inexcusable and criminal act of carelessness; but as carelessness leads to that, and collisions upon roads, every other precaution which can possibly guard the lives of passengers ought to be adopted.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

Highly Important from Havana.

Attempt of Spain to Annex St. Domingo—The Spanish Flag Raised and the Aid of the Government pledged—Hayti to Share the Same Fate—The Movement Aided by France.

NEW YORK, March 29.—The steamship Quaker City arrived this evening, from Havana, from which port she sailed on Monday last.

Much excitement prevailed at Havana on the subject of the annexation of San Domingo to Spain.

It seems that a system of Spanish emigration has been going on at that Island, under the supervision of the Government, the emigrants being instructed to hoist the Spanish flag when the proper time arrived and they had gained sufficient strength in numbers, and then invoke the protection of Spain.

This was done on the 16th, much to the astonishment of the blacks and natives there.

When the news reached Havana, the Spanish frigate Blanca, fully armed, and with a large number of regular troops, was despatched thither, sailing on the 23d.

Two screw frigates were soon to follow, with 5000 regulars.

A large naval and military force of 10,000 is said to be on the way from Spain to Cuba.

It is stated that Hayti will soon share the same fate as San Domingo, with the consent of France.

The United States steamer Mohawk arrived at Havana on Sunday last.

Business at Havana was depressed.

A million dollars are said to be en route from Spain, to aid the metallic circulation of the Island of Cuba.

Sugars were quiet. Freights declining.

Among the pressengers by the Quaker City are Ex-President Miramon's family and suite, Col. Samuel Colt and family, of Hartford, Conn., Major Patterson, bearer of dispatches from San Domingo to Washington, M. Alvarez, the Danish Consul at St. Domingo, Lieut. Tyrell, U. S. A., and C. F. Gardella and Edwards, of the American Coast Survey.

Secession Movements in Virginia.

The Removal of Cannon—Action of the Legislature—The Governor directed to Resist the Removal.

RICHMOND, March 31.—In the Convention, yesterday, Mr. Wise offered a series of amendments as a substitute for the majority report. They were referred and ordered to be printed, but it is believed that they will not embrace the propositions in his minority report.

The opinion is entertained by some persons that the Convention will adjourn in about two weeks. The agricultural members of the Convention are becoming anxious to return home.

The House was in session all last night, the joint resolution relative to the movements of troops and arms within the Commonwealth, growing out of the proposed transfer of guns from the Bellona foundry, being under consideration. Various amendments were proposed and rejected. The Senate amendment was finally passed, in a modified form, authorizing the Governor to call out the public guard to arrest the contemplated removal, and directing him to employ the needful force to resist any attempt to remove the same beyond the reach or the control of the State government.

NORFOLK, March 31.—A petition, numerously signed is in circulation, instructing Mr. Blow, the delegate to the Convention, to vote for the immediate secession of the State.

At a large and enthusiastic meeting at Washington Point resolutions were adopted instructing the delegates of Norfolk county to vote for immediate secession. Delegates were also appointed to a Convention to be held on the 19th of April, in Suffolk, to nominate a secession candidate for Congress, should Virginia remain in the Union.

RENCONTRE AT RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, March 31.—A rencontre occurred yesterday, between Mr. Ballard, a member of the House, and Hugh L. Gallaher, the contractor at the Rip-Raps. The latter fired a pistol, the ball from which passed through the coat of Joseph Segar, a member of the Legislature, who, however, escaped uninjured. Mr. Gallaher accidentally shot himself to day, and it is feared that the wound will prove mortal.

The Illinois Banks.

CHICAGO, March 30.—The banks of this city, on Monday, will throw out the notes of the following thirty-two Illinois banks: Albion, Benton, Carmi, Chester, Federal, Union, Quincy, Bank of the Republic, Belvidere, Canal, Citizens', Commercial (New Haven), Continental, Corn Planters', Farmers and Traders', Farmers' Bank of Illinois, Farmers' Bank of Canton, Frontier, Grand Prairie Illinois State, Lancaster, Merchants and Drovers', Mississippi River, New Market, Parnet, Prairie River, Railroad, Shawanese, Pike County, Edgar County, Morgan County, and Southern Illinois. These banks have a circulation of about $35,000,000 based upon Missouri, Tennessee and Louisiana stocks. At the present market rate of these securities, these notes are worth from eighty five to ninety-five cents on the dollar.

From Montgomery.

Extensive Military Arrangements for Pensacola—Provisions Reported to be Scarce at Fort Pickens.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., April 1.—Active efforts are being made to complete the gap in the railway hence to Pensacola, in order to facilitate the transportation of troops to the Gulf, and it will be completed within a few days.

No advices of importance have been received from Pensacola.

It was believed there that the supply of provisions at Fort Pickens was scarce.

The Confederate States troops, with provisions and ammunition, are flowing into the Confederate army in numbers and quantity.

Two thousand troops are expected at Montgomery this week.

The reported reinforcement of Fort Pickens is pronounced, in reliable quarters, as unfounded.

Appointments by the Governor.

HARRISBURG, April 1.—Gov. Curtin has today made the following appointments:

Henry Sailor, of Philadelphia, to be Measurer of Marble.

Nathan Spering, of Philadelphia, to be Inspector of Pickled Fish.

Notaries Public for Philadelphia—Frederick Ditman, Edward H. Williamson.

Enos Prizer to be Notary Public for Doylestown.

John J. Pinkerton to be Notary Public for West Chester.

Samuel J. Roberts to be Notary Public for Downingtown.

Philip H. Green to be Sealer of Weights and Measures for Delaware county.

George Walton to be Sealer of Weights and Measures for Chester county.

An Extra Session Probable—Smuggled Goods to be Confiscated.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The opinion is almost universal now that an extra session of Congress will be called, to consider the operations of the new tariff and the state of the treasury.

Orders have gone West to confiscate all goods introduced into the Southern ports without the payment of the regular United States duties.—*Special despatch to the N. Y. Evening Post.*

Texas.

Adjournment of the Convention—General Houston Unable to Conquer Secession.

GALVESTON, March 29.—The State Convention has ratified the permanent Constitution of the Confederate States, there being only two dissenting votes and adjourned on the 25th inst., without referring the Constitution to the people.

Houston and Hamilton's efforts at opposition have proved an entire failure. All is quiet in Texas.

Connecticut Election.

HARTFORD, CONN., April 1.—The election is proceeding quietly. The indications now are that the Republicans will elect their ticket.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 2, 2 o'clock, A. M.—The Republican State ticket is elected by an increased majority.

The Republicans have carried the first and third Congressional districts, but lost the second. The fourth district has not been fully heard from.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, April 1, 1861.

It is understood that the Cabinet are in session to-day concerning the state of affairs at Fort Pickens. Probably the President has been informed authoritively that an attempt to throw troops into the fort there will be resisted. If there is to be a suspension of the order to land the troops from the Brooklyn, it would be well to know precedent to such suspension what more is to be demanded by the Southern Confederacy. Should it be suggested that Tortugas and Key West must be given up, and that forts, arms and other property of the United States must be apportioned to the seceded States, then the contest, if contest is to come, might as well be initiated at Fort Pickens as elsewhere; and now, as well as at some future day.

The temper and will of the President exhibited themselves notably at the White House on Saturday, when he threw into the fire an address that had been read to him by Mr. Simonton, of California. All the Californians were present, when Mr. Simonton, on behalf of some fifty or sixty office-seekers of that State, presented a protest against influence or control by Senator Baker, of Oregon, (but until lately from California,) concerning the California appointments. He then read his address, at much length, in which he assailed Col. Baker, for endeavoring to impose disreputable counsellors upon the confidence of the Executive, with a view to foist upon the public service a class of persons who were obnoxious to the people. Col. Baker made no reply, but "Old Abe" did, by casting into the fire the paper containing the damaging aspersions of his friend of thirty years' standing. Subsequently he stated to Mr. Simonton and others that he should carefully scrutinize the character of California appointees, but that he could not restrain an exhibition of resentment for the severe attack upon the private character of Col Baker.

The latter gentleman claims that San Francisco is not a commercial centre alone, but for the entire Pacific coast. Therefore, appointments of persons who have not yet obtruded themselves upon Executive attention might be quite as satisfactory to the people. It was Oregon has a right to a say concerning the most important offices at San Francisco.—Messrs. McDougal and such others as may be the choice of the people at the elections next autumn, might be good advisers concerning the appointments, and therefore Lincoln might do worse than to postpone the consideration of the subject until next winter. It is also just possible that some persons who are not here begging in person for the positions, might prove to be the better ones for properly discharging the duties.

The President manages to get into some odium, by giving over to Senators the privilege of selecting Postmasters in the cities of which they are residents. For Boston, Mr. Sumner has selected Mr Palfrey, ex-Editor of the North American Review, ex Professor at Old Harvard and ex member of Congress. This has given grave offence to Messrs. Phelps and Pargoorne, each of whom was backed by an immense number of names, representing any quantity of capital. The above, according to the N. Y. Times, were a sort of Brother Cheerybie.

OBSERVER.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 1.

The new sensation on Saturday was the intelligence from San Domingo, by the Quaker City. All sorts of conjectures and speculations are rife, in reference to it. Some will have it that this dash of Spain on the West Indies, is but the preliminary of greater things to come, on the part of France and Great Britain. Others are quite sure that our sick man, Mexico, will be taken in hand next, and after that the sick man's next friend, Uncle Sam. Mr. Lincoln is called upon, therefore, to settle up our domestic difficulties quickly, and unite all sections of the country against the "furibers."

A bearer of despatches from the Captain-General of Cuba took passage in the Arago, which sailed yesterday, for Southampton and Havre. He came on in the Quaker City. A bearer of despatches to Washington also came in the same packet, and left for the South by the first train, Saturday morning.

Among the other passengers by the Arago, I see the names of Mr. and Mrs. Coppa, E. Meert, Consul General for Belgium, Major Bruen, C. W. Funk, Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. George McHenry do., and Mrs. Chas. F. Beck, do.

The Arago has a valuable cargo, part breadstuffs, and $1800 in specie. The Vigo and Europa, for Liverpool, likewise sailed yesterday, the former with 115 passengers, and the latter with 10, only. The Europa, it will be remembered, is an extra steamer, having been sent out with the cargo of Cuse's disabled Australasian.

One of the passengers, by the way, is Hon. Dudley Mann, of Va., who goes out as Commissioner from the Montgomery Government, to open negotiations with the European powers for reciprocal commercial treaties with the Confederated States. While here, Mr. Mann had many free talks with our merchants and bankers, and expressed himself abundantly confident that the purposes of his mission, especially to England, France and Prussia, would be fully carried into effect.

Revivals are once more in vogue, in the Brooklyn churches. Baptisms are unusually numerous, and conversions abundant. Daily prayer meetings are held in many places, all of which are said to be well attended.

The troubles in that most troublesome of all troublesome churches—Dr. Cheever's, Union Square—have assumed a new and rather curious phase—the expulsion of a member for being an Episcopalian!

Hon. Hiram Barney will enter on his duties as Collector of the Port on Monday. He gives out that no clerical changes will be made for two or three weeks to come; also that, on account of the new tariff, he will be compelled to increase the present number of Inspectors and appraisers.

The journeymen house painters have resolved to strike for higher wages, on and after Monday next, when they will demand $3 per day. During the past winter they have been working for $1 75.

The following items of naval intelligence I picked up, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, this morning:

Orders have been received from Washington directing the immediate completion of the U. S. Steamer Roanoke's repairs so that she and her departure as soon as possible for Florida, with stores and provisions for the fleet, and the forts there. She will be ready to leave on Monday.

The steam frigate Roanoke is still in dock preparing for service. The work, however, is progressing very slowly, and it is doubtful whether she could be got ready for sea in less than three months.

The Wabash is awaiting the completion of her machinery, but six weeks will be required to make her ready for sea.

The Powhattan, recently returned from the Gulf, is in commission, waiting orders. She could not be kept in active service, for the present state, for longer period than three months.

Corvette Savannah, late flag ship of the Home Squadron, is lying in the stream, dismantled—and it would take two months to fit her for duty.

Frigate Potomac is lying in the stream, exactly as she has been for years; Brandywine do.-do., and rotting fast.

Ship of the line North Carolina, immovably fast in the mud—or hard as here on the shoal of beef bones thrown overboard, during the last ten years.

Besides these, there are four or five small surveying and revenue vessels at anchor, whose officers do not know half as much about them as most city newspaper editors, reporters, and correspondents do.

On the whole, there is not the slightest evidence at the Navy Yard that "anything is going on." On the contrary, ships that might be rapidly approaching the commission state, are in the usual routine of service, and all permitted to remain *in statu quo*.

The week, in a business respect, closes dull—very dull—but everybody is hoping that the activities of April will compensate for the shortcomings of February and March.

Money continues as plentiful as ever. The banks are competing with each other for business at 5 per cent. The brokers have no difficulty in obtaining any amount on call at 4 per centum.

A moderate business was done in foreign exchange for yesterday's packets. Rates closed firmly at 107¾ a 108 for bankers' names, and 106¼ a 107¼ for commercial signatures. Paris, 5f. 27½ a 5f. 22½. Hamburg, 35¾ a 36. Bremen, 77 a 77¼. Amsterdam, 40¼ a 40¾.

The following is a comparative statement of the imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandize at New York for the week and since January 1st:

For the Week.	1859.	1860.	1861.
Dry Goods	$3,530,226	$2,627,062	$1,530,621
General Merchandize	2,741,315	3,123,893	2,368,872
Total for the week	$6 271,541	$5,751 555	$3,898,493
Previously reported	51,597,870	56,648,314	41,455,724
Since January 1st	$58,169,411	$62,399,869	$45,352,217

Included in the imports (other than dry goods and specie) at the port of New York for the week ending March 29th, 1861, were:

COTTON.—The market is quiet and firm at 12¼c. for middling Uplands.

FLOUR.—Western and State Flour is in fair request. 10,000 bbls. were sold, at $5 25a5 35 for superfine State and Western, $5 40a5 45 for extra State, $5 45a5 70 for low grades of Western extra, and $5 65a5 70 for shipping brands of round-hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour is quiet. 500 bbls. were sold, at $5 40a5 75 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $5 80a7 20 for the better kinds. Rye Flour continues steady, and prices are unchanged.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is irregular; 53,000 bush. were sold at $1 24 a 1 25 for Chicago spring, $1 29 a 1 30 for Milwaukie club; $1 29 a 1 30 for red State, and $1 55 a 1 60 for white

TRIFLES.

[FROM THE CHURCHMAN'S MAGAZINE.]

What are trifles—who may guess
All a trifle's meaning?
Scattered ears on life's broad field
For a wise one's gleaning.
Nought but hath its work on earth,
Fraught with pain or pleasure,
Links in nature's mystic chain,
Though of tiniest measure.

But a trifle seems a word
All unkindly spoken,
Yet the life-harp wildeth low
For a gold string broken.
But a trifle seems the smile
On a kind face beaming,
Yet a faint heart groweth strong,
'Neath its gentle gleaming.

Just a look may waken thoughts
Full of proud resentment—
Just a look may fill the soul
With a glad contentment;
Little prayers of children fair,
By their mother kneeling,
Touch a worn and weary heart,
With a child-like feeling.

But a flower's perfume may bear
Back through years of sorrow,
The sunny morn of life,
With a bright to-morrow—
And a tress of silken hair
On a young brow parted,
Wakes a fount of bitterest tears
For the broken-hearted.

'Twas a single rain-drop fell
On a green bud thirsting,
Strengthened by the fairy draught,
Lo, a flower is bursting;
And an acorn lightly flung
In a pathway dreary,
Spread an oak's broad shadows out,
To refresh the weary.

Trickling from the mountain height,
Through the beech roots stealing,
See a thread of silver light,
Sunbeams are revealing.
Drop by drop it gathers fast,
Never resting, never,
Till it swells and flashes forth,
In a glorious river.

Trifles! each one hath a part
In our pain or pleasure,
Making up the daily sum
Of our life's brief measure;
All unnoted as they pass,
Scarcely worth our heeding,
Yet, a trifle, it may be,
God's own work is speeding.

THE FARMER.

☞ Persons sending communications to this office, advertising seeds and other articles for sale, must put them in the shape of advertisements, and pay the usual advertising charge.

☞ Some of the contributors to this column seem to forget, after receiving the paper, that our offer of a free subscription conditions for an *occasional* communication. Those who neglect to comply with this condition will be stricken from our free list.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BEE BOOKS AND EXPERIENCE.

The amusing opposition to book-learning sometimes to be met with regarding other things, is occasionally manifested also on the subject of bee-keeping. However it is to be regretted, there still exists a portion of the innocent class of people, called *old fogies*, whose ignorance and oddities only injure themselves. Occasionally they may be seen riding a grist to mill on horseback with a stone for ballast in one end of the bag. It is said, however, that even Spain is on the march, though it be but as a camp-follower; and some old fogies are making progress in these latter days. One of this class, of my acquaintance, after having tried the thing, recently declared that "clovering *was* good for land." Another, who persists in calling the chief of the hive "the king bee," has lately furnished himself with a number of Langstroth's Patent Moveable-comb Hives into which he has some colonies, *kings* and all, no doubt to the advantage of all concerned.

The German adage is, "Nothing is so prolific as a little well known." It is true in bee-keeping. So also is the sing:

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
For shallow droughts intoxicate the brain;
But drinking deeply sobers it again."

When I began my experiments by the book, I discovered a liability to make serious mistakes. These were chiefly in the way of multiplying swarms artificially at too rapid a rate. It was work at once so easy and so delightful that I carried it to an extent that violated the bee-keeper's royal rule: "Always keep your stocks strong." Had I carried on this work of division in May, or even June, rather than in July, I would have found a second swarm not too much from strong stocks in a favorable season. But as it was, the fall flowers not yielding much honey, both stocks were somewhat too weak. I transcribe the following memoranda to show how I gained my experience. No. 6 was a young swarm forced June 15th. The season was yet favorable, and in twenty-eight days they had filled the main apartment, which was 12x12x12 inches, with honey and brood. I now concluded to divide them as follows: I formed No. 9 from them, July 13th, by taking the queen and about four quarts of bees, also some brood comb. No 9 was also reinforced with brood-comb from another stock.

Now as to the results. No. 9 did *pretty* well, but not *very* well. Having the young brood coming on, and the queen to fill new comb with brood, I believe they had the best chance. No. 6 having their prosperous career checked by the sudden loss of half their number, and also of their queen, and thus the means of new brood for some weeks to come, set to work to raise a new mother for the family. July 23d I found five sealed queen cells. July 26th, 27th and 28th, I heard the queens piping and replying. From this time pollen-gathering went on very industriously, showing that the stock had now a mother, and that the workers were busy feeding the young family, the first of which at length began to hatch out about the last of August. This I knew by the bees ejecting the remains of the imperfect brood from the door about that time. It will thus be seen that during just one month a strong stock was crippled in its work of breeding, and, for the lack of laborers of gathering honey, by the withdrawal of their queens. I would have had more bees and more honey, if, instead of dividing my stock, I had given them new space to work in above, or, what would have been better, below, at the time I discovered their main apartment full. I do not regret the above, however, because the practical knowledge obtained is valuable. So also is the book-knowledge. From my experience, I would recommend every person who keeps bees, to furnish himself or herself with a treatise on their habits and management, and to the theoretical add the practical study. The natural history of the bee is a charming study to old and young, male and female; and when the knowledge gained is prolific not merely of mental pleasure, but is made to minister to largely increased products of beautiful and delicious honey, and consequent gain, enough is said to make a moving appeal to an American citizen of the nineteenth century. M. E. B.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SUSTAIN THE SOIL.

The attention of the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" has often been called to the subject of manuring land, the necessity of constant, persevering effort, to which, more than any other one thing, the successful farmer owes his prosperity. Often as this subject has been dwelt upon, the lesson cannot be too often repeated. If it is true that "he that would reap must sow," it is also true that he that would reap must manure. There is a system of farming, if we may give it a name so inappropriate, among us, akin to that in many parts of the South, where they plow and crop a field as long as they can make it produce anything, and then throw it out to common; the only difference being that the northern farmer has no idle lands lying around him which he can clear and bring under cultivation, so that he is compelled to resort to a shambling, slack, twisted sort of manuring which keeps his land in a semi-comparative state of fertility, just enough to keep him in what work he wants to do or is obliged to do in order to eke out a precarious living. It is a common mistake that a farmer's profit only consists in the dollars in cash which he adds to his store, and supposing that a day spent now and then in putting things to rights is lost time. It is an old saying and a true one, that "the eye of the master is worth more than both his hands," but a man may keep both eyes open all the time and not see anything after all. A day spent in looking after things on a farm, to see that everything is in its place, and where it can be found when wanted, will often save much trouble and worry and even loss; and if a man is careful enough about such matters he will be very likely to think occasionally about his land, and look to it to see if it does not need recruiting. The purchase of guane or prepared manures is, from their distance from market, or high price, beyond the reach of a majority of the farmers of the country; but it appears to me that if they have a disposition to improve their lands, and a little energy to carry the matter on, they can be better supplied, and at a far less cost, in their own barnyards. Probably the best way of obtaining a good supply of manure, at little cost, is by means of compost heaps. This may be done in the barnyard or any other convenient place: make a pen of rails or poles, into which throw the scrapings of the barnyard, refuse straw, ashes leached or unleached, litter from the chipyard, anything in fact that is not good for anything else will help make manure; add a little lime if you have it, or if not, try and get some, and then all the leaves and vegetable mold one chooses to haul from the forest. The advantages of this method are many, among which I will mention, first, it may be done at any season of the year, occupying the spare time that a farmer has. And in this place it may be proper to remark, that many a farmer complains that he has no time to spare for such work, that it takes all his time to do the necessary work on his farm, just as if the labor of improving land was not as necessary, or a little more so, than that of cropping or taking away some of its productiveness. To such an one I would say, Sir, you are trying to do too much. You stand in your own light in trying to cultivate too many acres. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. It takes very nearly as much labor to secure a half crop as it does a full one. If you have so much land that you cannot till it well, then sell part of it, that you may have it out of reach of being a temptation to you. If you will not sell it, rent it; if you cannot rent it then let it go to common. It will not receive near the hurt that it will half tilled as it is now. In the second place, the compost heap can have all necessary time to rot. Next thing to having manure is to have it in a proper condition to benefit the land; and this can be done by having it well rotted. These suggestions are thrown out for the consideration of those small farmers who have not and cannot have the appliances which abundant means can give.

There is an old story, but one that will bear repetition, of an old Roman who, when his eldest son was married, gave him one-third of his estate, and cultivating the remainder could raise as much upon it as he had before done upon the whole, and, to his great surprise, when he had divided the balance with his second son, found that his time spent upon one-third of his original estate would make it produce as much as he had formerly obtained from the whole. One great fault among farmers and in farming is the greed for land; every man wants to own as many acres as he can, and then, if he had the ability, would buy all the land that joins him. It is that that makes so many poor farms, poor farmers, and really poor men; for those are poor who, through their own greediness, deprive themselves of many of the comforts of life. It is that that drives so many to found new homes on the prairies of the West. It is true that if every man would confine himself to the amount of land that he can manage well, there would not be quite so many new settlements opened, yet our country would really be better off in all the elements of true and lasting prosperity. Men who go West push for new settlements, and for no settlements because they can get more acres for the same money, leaving thousands of acres behind them lying idle, leaving society, railroads, improvements of all kinds for the sake of more land. The Illinois Central Railroad Company alone advertise over a million of acres of land in the State of Illinois, and offer great advantages in point of time; yet men will isolate themselves, deprive themselves of all advantages of markets, schools and society generally, preferring to go beyond civilization, there sit down and wait for it to come on, thinking thereby to better themselves, and entirely forgetting that it is rare, if ever, that the pioneers of a section become as wealthy as the succeeding generations, and lose the very object for which they were toiling. But this is a wide digression; that which mainly concerns us of the East is, how to keep our lands from becoming worn out, and how to recruit those which need recruiting. We should add as much to the soil as we take from it. Now every one knows that a crop of two tons of hay from an acre of meadow, takes just so much from the life-blood of that soil which ought to be and must be replaced, else the land will fail; and the only way in which this can be done is by and through manure, L.

Allegheny County, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BREAKING COLTS.

I suppose now, in the whirl and excitement of "Rarey's System," anything not in that line on the subject of "Breaking Colts" will be deemed impertinent. But for the sake of those who have not yet adopted that system, and still have colts to break, I have a few words to say. It is admitted by all, that the horse is one of the most tractable and intelligent of all the animals that have been created for the use of man. It is also well known, and indeed follows naturally from this, that if his temper is once soured and his anger roused till he becomes hostile to man, the horse is capable of the most provoking and aggravating ugliness. This being the case, much of the character of a horse evidently depends on the manner in which he is broken, and the treatment which he receives from man. My experience and observation have demonstrated to me the efficiency of the following treatment: The colt should be broken to the halter while following the mare. But whether this has been attended to or not, the breaking should always be commenced in a spacious stable with soft floor and smooth sides. After gently handling his head, neck and shoulders for a time proportioned to the wildness and spirttedness of his nature, a soft but strong bridle is presented to him, and after he has smelled of it sufficiently, it is slipped gently over his head and the bit inserted. In the same quiet manner a bitting harness is placed securely upon him. The bridle should be furnished with gag runners and side straps, but martingales should never be used. After very gradually drawing in his head till it is in the right place, or he begins to show signs of anger, which point should never be passed, he should be encouraged to fellow you about the stable by loosening the rein a little every time he comes to you. He soon discovers that he is in the power of a superior and yields to his will. He should be then taught to start and stop at the word, and to obey the slightest influence of the rein. This may be done by passing the finger through the bridle rein where it rests upon his shoulder, and directing his course to every part of the stable by the slightest pressure in one direction or the other. He may now be driven about the stable with lines. During this time he should be caressed and handled kindly and fearlessly all over. He may now, if entirely submissive, be driven out doors, but should never be attached to a carriage or load until by such firm and patient tuition he has learned to submit fully and implicitly to the direction of his master. It is a good plan, if convenient, to hitch him beside a steady and kind horse and drive them with a light load. He should have been so well trained in the stable, however, before this as to know better than to scare at any trifle. This course of conduct continued will invariably procure a true and obedient disposition and amiable character and an intelligent education for the horse. In those parts of Ohio which have been settled by Pennsylvanians, the manner of breaking colts is very different from this—a system, by the way, which has many good parts. They harness the entirely untamed colt beside the near wheel-horse in a team of four or six horses, and drive on without regard to the frantic evolutions which he will sometimes make. The strong chains, however, before and behind him, and the weight of the team and load prevent his doing any mischief. He discovers, however, that his struggles are in vain, and a few slaps from the tongue, in a rough road, soon teach him to walk out contentedly in his place. A universal error among the Pennsylvanians here is working their colts while too young. It is not uncommon to see colts only two years old worked day after day in the team. The horse should be trained while young, but should never be worked till his form is developed and his muscles strengthened by mature age. He should be always treated with kindness and consideration. He should be regarded as an intelligent and docile animal, with great powers and capacities for being highly serviceable to man. He should be educated and instructed, not forced into subjection. He should be guided, not driven. His proud spirit should be curbed and directed, but not subdued. His master should be a man, not a tyrant, and should treat him not as a slave, but as a willing and obedient servant. P. W. P.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CHOICE FRUIT.

Good fruit of all kinds is admitted by all persons to be one of the indispensable comforts of life. Why then is it that we see so many of our farms without it? Who among us that has known the pleasures of daily partaking of fruit freshly plucked or gathered from the orchard does not esteem it among the choicest blessings of life? What man that has the advantage of good fruit would consent to have destroyed a fine vine, or peach, plum, or a choice apple or pear tree for ten times what it cost him? Yet many of our farmers live, or get along from year to year, without it, or by getting a few bushels from their neighbors' orchards, without making the least effort to procure a vine, or yet to set out a tree. Or if they should, they often let them be destroyed by cattle, or if they should live, they are suffered to decay without an effort of the proprietors to save them. And yet the labor that would be required in taking care of a small orchard need not take any of your time from the farm. The hours that are misspent or wasted often in idleness with the gun or about the village store, will be sufficient for the task. What benefits may be derived from a little attention? If a farmer would spend a few hours in grafting, and in budding and setting out some choice fruit from a small nursery of his own raising, which will require but a small amount of labor, ow soon he would be rewarded ten-fold for his time, in seeing his efforts crowned with success, to say nothing of the profits and the enjoyments to be derived therefrom; for there is no sane man but will admit at once that choice fruit is a profit to the cultivator, for there is scarcely a district in our country which does not furnish a market for any surplus that is produced.

AGRICOLA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

THE GROUND CHERRY.—I notice an inquiry in the "Dollar Newspaher" for Ground Cherry Seed. I have two varieties of the *Physalis*. One called Ground Cherry, yellow; the other called Strawberry Tomato, purple. The last much larger than the yellow. Both varieties are easily raised. On receipt of two three-cent stamps, I will send a package of either, or three stamps, a package of both. Also a package of Purple Egg-Plant Seed for two stamps.

S. B. NOBLE, Pontiac, Michigan.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OATS CROP.

How Cared to the Best Advantage, Etc.

How shall I cure my oats after cutting it so as to keep it nice and sound? This is an important question, as heavy rains often set in about oats-cutting time, and so materially injure the crop, if already cut or fully ripe for the harvest. The best way of curing your oats when the weather is fine, is to let it, when cut, lie in the swath until it is dry, and then rake it together and bind it up into medium-sized sheaves, and set them up into shocks ready for hauling or stacking. And if your oats is still green or full of moisture when cut, it will have to lie in the swath under a good sunshine for two days at least before it can be safely bound up and shocked—and this should be done when the dew is off the ground. But if your oats is already so dry as to endanger a loss in the shelling out of its grains in the process of raking together and binding and shocking, this work ought to be done early in the morning or in the evening while the dew is on the ground, as the moisture of the dew on the crop will in a good measure, prevent such shelling out and also pass away afterwards under the action of the sun or wind without doing your shocks any harm. If a heavy rain should set in before you can get your oats shocked and capped, its sheaves will afterwards be very apt to get heated and mouldy inside, and to occasion you a loss of from one-fourth to one-half of your crop, or more. Some tell us that "Barley Oats," a variety so called, is the best for three reasons: 1. because it yields as much to the acre as any other sort; and 2, because it has a heavy and stiff stem or straw that keeps it from falling down and going to waste; and 3, because it also weighs from six to eight pounds heavier to the bushel than any other variety. But what say our farmers who have other choice and favorite varieties of this grain? As oats-sowing time is drawing near I would like to hear from them.

March 1, 1861. WEST BRANCH.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

DWARF PEAR TREES, STRAWBERRIES.—*Blairsville, Pa.*—Will some of the numerous correspondents of the "Dollar Newspaper" please inform an old subscriber, the best method of cultivating the Dwarf Pear—the kind of soil required—time of planting, &c.? Also the best manner of cultivating the strawberry?

CONEMAUGH.

GROUND PEAS.—When is the best time to plant Ground Peas, and how should they be planted? Where can the vegetable called Wurtzel, or its seed, be purchased? P. P.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE LEAVES.

There are the leaves in memory's book,
And affection oft turns them o'er
With sighs and tears, for other years,
And the love that can bless no more.

There are some leaves that long ago,
We laid away in a book,
Recalling again, with pleasure or pain,
A lover's parting look.

There are the leaves that the Autumn wind
Rustles about when they're dead,
'Till at last in a nook of an old tree's crook,
They serve the squirrel for a bed.

There are the leaves of the Book of Life,
That a mother has taught us to love,
Its precepts bright if followed aright,
Will lead to realms above.

There is the new leaf that all our lives,
We each day promise to turn,
'Till farther away, at the close of each day,
Seems the good for which we yearn.

The leaves of the flowers so fresh and bright,
Yet having a life so brief,
Tell us each day, as they are passing away,
That "all do fade as a leaf.".

August, 1860. "ERNEST."

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

ASTRONOMICAL.—Nearly all astronomers at the present time acquiesce in the statement put forth by M. Maedler, the distinguished Superintendent of the Observatory at Dorpat, in Prussia, viz: that there is no large central body which controls the movements of the other stars by its preponderating mass. He is, however, satisfied that all the bodies of our stellar sytem are revolving about a common centre of gravity, and, devoting a great deal of study and labor, to the determining of the position of this centre, his conclusion is that Alcyone, the brighest star of the Pleiads cluster, is the central orb—an interesting and important conclusion.

The distance of our sun from the centre of gravity of this stellar system, as well as the velocity of this motion, is yet undetermined. Some of M. Maedler's observations, however, indicate that the distance is such that it would take light six hundred and forty years to pass through the space; that the sun's velocity in his orbit is about one thousand miles per minute, and that it will take him about twenty millions of years to make one revolution. The latest conclusion in regard to the size of our stellar system is that a ray of light, moving at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, would require about four thousand years to pass through its diameter.

OIL FOR LUBRICATING MACHINERY.—The quantity of oil consumed in the lubrication of machinery is immense, and forms so costly an item in factories as to constantly stimulate the ingenuity of chemists to render cheap oils available for the purpose. Until recently, sperm oil, although the most costly, has been found the most economical. Colza oil, subjected to a simple, but efficacious treatment, is now rendered a satisfactory substitute for sperm oil, and costs but one-half the price of the latter. The colza oil is heated in cauldrons with a given quantity of minium, or red lead; the water contained in the oil, as well as the volatile products, is driven off, while all albuminous and other foreign matters, become coagulated and oxydized, when they either fall to the bottom of the cauldron or form a thick scum on the surface of the oil, and can be easily removed. Under this treatment the oil becomes green. Axles lubricated with this unoxydizable oil remain quite cool after revolving, without intermission, for twelve hours—a result only obtainable by the use of sperm or paraffine oil similarly prepared.

ALLOYS OF NICKEL AND CAST IRON.—In a communication made to the Manchester Philosophical Society, Mr. Fairbairn gives a description of the effects of nickel upon cast iron, in forming alloys of the two metals. Meteoric iron oftentimes contains two and a half per cent. of nickel, and this iron is generally found to possess some peculiar properties, it being tenacious, malleable, and almost proof against anything like corrosion. In order to determine whether an artificial compound of the same nature could by any process be obtained, Mr. F. made quite a number of experiments with compound bars of nickel and cast iron. He mixed nickel with cast iron at the rate of about two and one half per cent. of the former to the latter, fused the alloy in crucibles, and run the products into bars, which were then tested with respect to their power for resisting a transverse strain. It was found by these experiments, that the tenacity of cast iron was to a great extent reduced by its mixture with nickel.

ENGINEERING SCIENCE.—At a recent meeting of the Scottish Institution of Engineers, held in Glasgow, the presiding officer intimated that steps were being taken to raise a fund by subscription to enable the institution to give prize medals for papers read during the session. The council had fixed upon £750 as the amount to be collected, as the interest from that sum would give three medals per annum of about ten pounds value each. One of the medals would be given for papers on subjects connected with marine engineering; and the other medal would be given to competitors on subjects connected with gas, sanitary and other public works. It was announced that already good progress had been made in the movement, and it was expected that the whole sum would soon be realized.

EFFECT OF FROST UPON RAILWAY IRONWORK.—The London Enquirer says that, in consequence of the late accidents on the London and Northwestern and other lines, attributable to the frigorific effects of intense and long continued frost, and which has developed influences on ironwork hitherto unexpected, the directors of the former line have issued instructions for an increase in the time of the fast trains, so as to admit of their frequent stoppage for the purpose of having all the wheels, couplings, driving gear and general machinery examined by inspectors, specially qualified, and who, throughout the continuance of the frost, will be stationed along the line for that purpose. These steps have been taken with the approbation of the Government Inspector, and it is probable that the recent accidents, which constitute, *ex causa*, a new class of casualty, will lead to a scientific inquiry into the whole question of the thermometrical contraction and expansion of ironwork and signals employed upon railways, and which, it is surmised, in many instances, may have been the cause of some hitherto unaccountable accidents.

THE UNIVERSAL TELEGRAPH.—The London papers enumerate some of the important results which have resulted from the perfection to which Prof. Wheatstone has brought his "universal telegraph." This instrument is so simple in its construction that any person who can read and spell, can be taught in half an hour to use it with certainty. With a few days' practice a considerable rapidity can be acquired in sending messages. Without such an instrument as this, a trained establishment of clerks would be necessary to work the telegraph. By its aid, the owner of the telegraph, or any person of ordinary education, can use it with scarcely any training. Some idea of the speed with which this automatic printing telegraph can forward messages may be estimated from the fact that a column of newspaper print, of the usual character, can be transmitted two hundred miles in the brief period of about twenty minutes.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

DEAREST.

My dearest friend
My heart would send
Some token true
Of love to you.
Love, grateful love,
Like a pure dove
With broken wing,
It could not sing,
Nor even fly.
Doves do not sigh.
It only lay
Through all the day,
Thinking of rest,
On true love's breast—
Of cooing sound,
And true hearts bound
In fondest ties.
The weak dove lies
Till night comes down
With death's dark crown.
For the dove's head
No tears are shed.
Thus died the dove,
Weak, wounded dove,
Thinking of love.
So now I lie.
So would I die,
Thinking of thee,
Sweet love, of thee
Unto the end,
True loved friend. E. N. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FICTITIOUS FUNERAL.

I never liked my uncle's business, though he took me when my father died, and brought me up as his own son. The good man had no children, his wife was long dead, and he had an honest old woman for a housekeeper, and a flourishing business in the undertaking line to leave to somebody; but he did not leave it to me, and I'll tell you the reason.

When I had been about five years with him, and had grown worth my salt, he used to say, a death occurred in our neighborhood, which caused greater lamentation than any we had of since my apprenticeship began. The deceased gentleman was a Mr. Elsworthy. The family had been counted gentry in their day. I should have said my uncle lived in York, and all the world knows what Yorkshire families are. Well, the Elsworthys were of a good family, and very proud of it, though they had lost every acre of an estate which had belonged to them time out of mind. I am not sure whether it was their grandfather's dice and cock-fighting, or their father's going surety for a friend, who did something wrong in a Government office, that brought them to this poor pass; but there was no house in all York where candles went further, and tea leaves were better used up. There was a mother, two sisters and a cousin, who lived with them. The mother a stately old lady, never seen out of a black brocade. The sisters were not over young or handsome, but they dressed as fine as they could. The cousin was counted one of the prettiest women in Yorkshire, but she walked with a crutch, having met with an accident in her childhood. Master Charles was the only son, and the youngest in the family; he was a tall, handsome, dashing young man, uncommonly polite, and a great favorite with the ladies. It was said there were some red eyes in the town, when the story got wind that he was going to be married to the Hon. Miss Westbay. Her father was younger brother to the Earl of Harrowgate, and had seven girls besides her, without a penny for one of them; Miss Westbay was a beauty, and the wonder was that she had not got married long ago, being nearly seven years out, dancing, singing, and playing tip-top pieces at all the parties. Half a dozen matches had been talked of for her, but somehow they broke down one after another. Her father was rather impatient to see her off, so were her sisters, poor things, and no wonder, for, grow up as they might, not one of them would the old man suffer to come out till the eldest was disposed of, and at last there seemed something like a certainty of that business. Young Mr. Elsworthy and she struck up a courtship. He was fascinated—isn't that the word?—at an assize ball, paid marked attention at the bishop's party, and was believed to have popped the question at a pic-nic, after Lord Harrowgate, the largest shareholder in the Northeastern bank, got him promoted from a clerkship to be manager. It's true he was some years younger than Miss Westbay, and people said there had been something between him and his pretty cousin; but a lord's niece, with beauty, accomplishments, and a serviceable connection, does not come in every young man's way, so the wedding day was fixed for the first of January, and all the milliners were busy with the bride's bonnets and dresses.

It was just a month to come, and everybody was talking of the match, when Mr. Elsworthy fell sick. At first they said it was a cold; then it turned to a brain fever; at last the doctor gave no hopes, and within the same week Mr. Elsworthy died. The whole neighborhood was cast into mourning. A promising young man, in a manner the only dependence of his family, newly promoted to a station of trust and influence, and on the eve of marriage, everybody lamented his untimely death, and sympathized with his bereaved relations and his intended bride. I think my uncle lamented most of all. None of his customers, to my knowledge, ever got so much of his sorrow. When he was sent for in the way of business, it struck me that he stayed particularly long. The good man could talk of nothing but the grief of the afflicted family; how the mother went into fits, and the sisters tore their hair; how the cousin talked of wearing mourning all her days; and how it was feared that Miss Westbay, who insisted on seeing him, would never recover her senses. The county papers gave expression to the public grief. There were a great many verses written about it. Nobody passed the house of mourning without a sigh or a suitable remark. My uncle superintended the making of the coffin, and I never saw him do any other; and when the workmen were gone home he spent hours at night finishing it by himself.

The funeral was to set out for the family vault in the Minster church, at Beverly, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was made a strictly private affair, though hundreds of the townsmen would have testified their respect for the dead by accompanying it all the way. The mourners of the family, in two mourning coaches, and the undertaker's men, were alone allowed to follow poor Elsworthy to his last resting-place, and the coffin was not to be brought till the latest hour. My uncle had got it finished to his mind, but evidently did not wish me to look at his work. He had a long talk with Steel and Stoneman, two of his most confidental assistants, in the workshop after hours and they went away looking remarkably close. All was in train, and the funeral to take place next day, when coming down his own stairs—they were rather steep and narrow, for we lived in one of the old houses of York—my uncle slipped, fell, and broke his leg. I thought he would have gone mad when the doctor told him he must not attempt to move, or mind any business for weeks to come, and I tried to pacify him by offering to conduct the funeral with the help of Steele and Stoneman. Nothing would please the old man; I never saw him so far out temper before.

He swore at his bad luck, threw the pillows at his housekeeper, ordered them to bring him up the key of the workshop, and kept it fast clutched in his hand. In a couple of hours he grew calm and sensible, but could not sleep, though the house was all quiet, and the housekeeper snoring in the corner. Then he began to groan, as if there was something worse than a broken leg on his mind, and "Tom," said he, "havn't I always been kind to you?"

"No doubt of it, uncle," said I.

"Well, Tom, I want you to do me a great service—a particular service, Tom, and I'll never forget it to you. You know Mr. Elsworthy's funeral comes off to-morrow at three, and they are very high people."

"Never fear, uncle; I'll take care of it as well as if you were there yourself."

"I know you would, Tom—I know you would. I could trust you with hearsing an earl's coffin; and for managing mutes, I don't know your equal. But there's something more to be done. Come over beside me, Tom; that old woman don't hear very well at best, and she's sleeping now, and no mistake. Will you promise me——" and his voice sunk to a whisper, "that, whatever you hear or see, you'll make no remark to any living being and be as cautious as you can about the body? There's foul play," said he, for I began to look frightened; "but may be this leg's a judgment for taking on such a business. Howsomeever, I'm to have £300 for it; if you'll conduct it properly, and give me your solemn promise. I know you'll never break that."

"Uncle," said I, "I promise, and keep it too, but you must tell me what it is."

"Well, Tom"—and he drew a long breath—"it's a living man you're going to put in that coffin in the workshop! I have made it high and full of air holes; he'll lie quite comfortable. Nobody knows about it but Steele and Stoneman, and yourself; they'll go with you. Mind you trust no one else. Don't look so stupid, man; can't you understand Mr. Elsworthy did not die at all, and never had brain fever; but he wants to get off with marrying Miss Westbay, or something of that sort. They're taking a queer way about it, I must say; but these genteel people have ways of their own. It was the cousin that prepared my mind for it in the back parlor; that woman's up to anything. I stood out against having a hand in it, till I heard that the sexton of Beverly church was a poor relation. The key of the coffin is to be given to him; it will be locked, and not screwed down you see, and when all's over at the vault—it will be dark night by that time, for we don't move till three, and these December days are short—he'll come and help Mr. Elsworthy out, and smuggle him off to Hull with his son, the carrier. There is ships enough there to take him anywhere under a foreign name."

"Could he get off the marriage no easier?" I said, for the thought of taking a living man in a hearse, and hearing the service read over him made my blood run cold. You see I was young then.

"There's something more than a marriage in it, though they didn't tell me. Odd things will happen to my business, and this one of the queerest. But you'll manage it, Tom, and get my blessing, besides your half of the £300; and don't be afraid of anything coming wrong to him, for I never saw any man look so like a corpse."

I promised my uncle to do the business and keep the secret. A hundred and fifty pounds was no joke to a young man beginning the world in the undertaking line; and the old man was so pleased with what he called my senses and understanding, that before falling asleep, close upon day-break, he talked of taking me into partnership, and the jobs we might expect from the Harrowgate family; for the dowager-countess was near fourscore, and two of the young ladies were threatened with decline. Next day, early in the afternoon, Steele, Stoneman and I were at work. The family seemed duly mournful; I suppose on account of the servants. Mr. Elsworthy looked wonderfully well in his shroud; and if one had not looked closely into the coffin, they never would have seen the air-holes.

Well, we set out, mourning coaches, hearse, and all, through the yellow fog of a December day. There was nothing but sad faces to be seen at all the windows as we passed. I heard them admiring Steele and Stoneman for the feeling hearts they showed, but when we got on the Beverly road, the cousin gave us a sign, and away we went at a rattling pace; a funeral never got over the ground at such a rate before. Yet it was getting dark when we reached the old minster, and the curate grumbled at having to do duty so late. He got through the service nearly as quick as we got over the miles. The coffin was lowered into the family vault; it was more than half filled with Mr. Elsworthy's forefathers, but there was a good wide grate in the wall, and no want of air. It was all right. The clerk and clergyman started off to their homes; the mourning coaches went to the Crown Inn, where the ladies were to wait till the sexton came to let them know he was safe out—and I slipped him the key at the church door, as he discoursed to us all about the mysterious dispensations of Providence.

My heart was light going home, so were Steele's and Stoneman's. None of us liked the job, but we were all to be paid for it; and I must say the old man came down handsomely with the needful, not to speak of Burton ale, and I was to be made his partner without delay. We got the money, and had the jollification; but it wasn't quite over, and I was just getting into bed, when there was a ring at our out-door bell, and the housekeeper came to say that Dr. Parks wanted to see me or my uncle. What could he want, and how had he come back so soon? Parks was the Elsworthy's family doctor, and the only stranger at the funeral; he went in the second mourning coach, and I left him talking to the sexton. My clothes were thrown on, and I was down stairs in a minute, looking as sober as I could; but the doctor's look would have sobered any man. "Thomas," said he, "this has turned out a bad business, and I cannot account for it; but Mr. Elsworthy has died in earnest. When the sexton and I opened the coffin, we found him cold and stiff. I think he died from fright, for such a face of terror I never saw. It wasn't your uncle's fault; there is no doubt he had air enough, but it can't be helped; and the less said about it the better for all parties. I am going to Dr. Adams to take him down with me to Beverly. The sexton keeps poor Elsworthy, to see if anything can be done; and Adams is the only man we could trust; but I know it's of no use."

The doctor's apprehensions were well founded. Mr. Elsworthy could not be recovered; and after trying everything to no purpose, they laid him down again in the coffin with airholes. The ladies came back, and we kept the secret; but in less than six months after, a rumor went abroad of heavy forgeries on the North Eastern Bank. On investigation, they proved to be over £50,000, and nobody was implicated but the deceased manager. His family knew nothing about it; being all ladies, they were entirely ignorant of banking affairs; but they left York the next season, took a handsome house at Scarborough, and were known to get money regularly from London. They never employed any doctor but Parks; and his medical management did not appear to prosper, for they were never well, and always nervous; not one of them could sleep alone or without light in the room, and an attendant from a private asylum had to be got for the cousin. I don't think the matter ever left my uncle's mind; he never would undertake an odd job after it; and all the partnerships in England would not have made me continue in the business, and run the risk of another false funeral.

—Chambers' Journal.

INDIAN JUGGLING.

Changing a Brass Coin into a Snake.

Fort William, in Calcutta, is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of the native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The performances of these strange people have been so often described, that I shall only make mention of a few, for otherwise I might tire the reader. One of them struck me as being curious, from its having a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history, as having been performed by the magicians of Egypt, in the time of Moses, and in presence of Pharoah. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindoo tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity can exist. The particular trick alluded to is the apparent conversion of a brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself about five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me, on a form in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin I held firmly in my right hand, but crossing that with equal tightness with my left, I inclosed them both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my double fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation, accompanied by a monotonous and discordant kind of recitative, and repeating the words, Ram, Sammu, during some minutes. He then suddenly stepped, and still keeping his seat, made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, giving at the same time a puff with his mouth. At that instant I felt my hands suddenly distend, and become partially open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or something equally soft, nasty, and disagreeable was now between my palms.

I started from my feet in astonishment, also to the astonishment of *others*, and opening my hands, found there no coin, but, to my horror and alarm (for of all created things I detest and loathe the genus) I saw a young snake, all alive—oh! and of all snakes in the world, a cobra-di-capello, folded, or rather coiled, roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, trembling with rage and fear, as if already bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the alarm and amazement of every one present. The juggler now got up for the first time since he had sat down, and catching hold of the snake displayed its length, which was nearly two feet—two feet all but an inch and a half. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and opening his own mouth to its widest extent, let the snake drop into it, and deliberately commenced to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail was only visible; then making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed. After this, he came up to the spectators, and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat, but no snake or snake's tail was visible: it was seemingly down his throat altogether. During the remainder of the performances we never saw this snake again, nor did the man profess his ability to make it re-appear; but he performed another snake trick, which surprised us very much. He took from a bag another cobra-di-capello, and walking into the center of the room, enclosed it in his hands in a folded state. He waved or shook them for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, hey! presto! the snake was gone, and in its place appeared several small ones, which he suffered to fall from his hands, when they glided, with their peculiar undulating movement, almost like the waves of the sea, across the floor.—*English Officer, in Once a Week.*

MORBID NERVOUSNESS.

The morbid nervousness of the present day appears in several ways. It brings a man sometimes to that startled state that the sudden opening of a door, the clash of the falling fire-irons or any little accident puts him into a flutter. How nervous the late Sir Robert Peel must have been, when, a few weeks before his death, he went to the Zoological Gardens, and when a monkey suddenly sprang upon his arm, the great and worthy man fainted!—Another phase of nervousness is when a man is brought to that state that the least noise or cross occurrence seems to jar through the entire nervous system—to upset him, as we say: when he cannot command his mental powers except in perfect stillness, or in the chamber and at the writing table to which he is accustomed; when, in short, he gets fidgetty, easily worried, full of whims and fancies, which must be indulged and considered, or he is quite out of sorts.

Another phase of the same morbid condition is when a human being is oppressed with vague, undefined fears that things are going wrong, that his income will not meet the demands upon it, that his child's lungs are affected, that his mental powers are leaving him—a state of feeling which shades rapidly off into positive insanity. Indeed, when matters remain long in any of the fashions which have been described, I suppose the natural termination must be disease of the heart, or a shock of paralysis, or insanity in the form of other mania or idiocy. Numbers of common-place people, who could feel very acutely, but who could not tell what they felt, have been worried into fatal heart disease by prolonged anxiety and misery. Every one knows how paralysis laid its hand on Sir Walter Scott, always great, lastly heroic. Protracted anxiety how to make the ends meet, with a large family and an u